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THE GREATEST.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

HIS GRACE, the Duke of Laleham, was too important a personage to be kept waiting, and Lord Baynebam went into the library, wishing his visitor in any other place. For one hour and a half he patiently endured the martyrdom. His Grace was vitally interested in some country business, and wanted his young neighbor's support.

Lord Baynebam tried honestly to give his attention to every word, but he failed in the attempt. "Landed interest," "personal influence," "country votes," occasionally sounded familiarly in his ear. But it was Hilda's voice he heard, not his Grace of Laleham's—Hilda's voice, asking if she must go. What did the child mean? Go where?—and for what? There must be some stupid misunderstanding. It would have been clear if that good man had but deferred his visit.

The poor duke tried hard to make his young neighbor understand all he meant. He thought the young earl singularly absent, and wondered that he did not show more interest in what seemed to him a momentous question. At length his Grace rose.

"I wish," he said to Lord Baynebam, "that, if you are not engaged, you would ride over with me to Oulston. I think the matter in question should be attended to without delay."

Lord Baynebam consented, simply because he could invent no excuse. In after years he railed bitterly at his folly; for, if instead of going with the Duke of Laleham to Oulston, he had sought his wife, and the unhappy mistake had been explained, years of sorrow and unavailing misery would have been spared to them.

From the window of her own room the unhappy Lady Hilda watched her husband ride away,—watched him with a heart that yearned for one more look at his face, one word from his lips,—watched him with a passion of grief so wild and bitter, that she would gladly have died; she did not think in this world ever to see him again.

During that one hour and a half, which had seemed years to Lady Hilda, she resolved upon a step which she afterwards bitterly repented. Believing that her husband meant that he knew all her secret, and that he meant those words, so solemnly uttered, she resolved not to wait until he should send her from him, but to go at once.

As she stood by the window watching the sunlight upon the trees, the sweet, smiling heavens, the glory of flower and tree, she pictured to herself many scenes. How would the proud and stately countess, who valued nothing on earth so highly as noble blood, tolerate the knowledge that her son's wife was a convict's daughter? Lady Hilda pictured the haughty face. She knew the few scornful words in which Lady Baynebam would deplore her son's mistake, each word searing her heart as with hot iron; the bland, contemptuous manner, the half-patronizing pity. Ah no, better go at once, since she must go, than suffer this.

She pictured Barbara Earle's wonder,—Barbara, on whom there rested no stain of another's sin. Better for her husband had he trampled his love under foot, and married Barbara Earle. There was something harder than all that,—her husband's last words to her. The cold, cruel words, in which he would send her from him,—the cold, cruel pride with which he would "remedy his mistake"—how could she bear it and live? How could she look upon him, and know that they must be as strangers,—he whom she loved more dearly than life? She thought of Brynmar woods,—of the handsome, kindly face that had smiled into her own. She could not wait for the sun of her love to set. Better one sudden wrench than to die by inches. She looked on the stately home where her husband's love had placed her; should she wait for the time when she should be sent from those walls, as one unworthy of their shelter?

No,—she would leave it all. The proud castle she called her home, title, rank, position,—what right had she to them? Who was she?—a convict's daughter, a broken-hearted woman, the sun of whose life had set in darkness. She said to herself that she would not blame the dead, but that she had been better left to share her mother's fate. What right had she to Lady Hutton's home or wealth? She nevermore would touch the gold that had purchased her; nevermore would she enter that fair domain of Brynmar. Her mother's love had been bartered for it. She would leave all: false pretences, a false position, should embitter her life no more,—she would go from them, where none who had ever known her should see her again.

Poor child! she was half mad with wounded love and pride—with the shock of that interview still upon her, her nerves over-wrought, her heart and brain in a tumult of sorrow and excitement.

Then she grew superstitious. Why should she have dropped her bracelet? She never remembered to have unfastened it. But for the finding of that jewel, her secret would have remained a secret still. With a cold, deadly fear gathering round her heart, she asked herself, could it be that Heaven itself was angry with her? She was half mad, and that was the only excuse that could be made for her rash act. From the chaos of thought, one idea stood out boldly,—she would go at once, before they had time to reproach her with her father's faults and send her away. No passionate weeping, no wild burst of sorrow came to the relief of that burning brain. She moved about her sumptuous room like one in a dream, just conscious of what she was going to do, but nothing more.

Like an electric shock came the sound of Lady Baynebam's voice, asking for admittance. She supposed that by this time the whole matter was made clear, and she came to see how Hilda was.

"Can I come in?" she said. "I wish to speak to you, Hilda."

"She has come to taunt me," thought the poor child, "come to exult over my fall, and tell me she always thought me proud, or something of the kind."

"No, not now," answered a strange, broken voice. "I am engaged; you cannot come in."

Deeply offended, Lady Baynebam walked haughtily away, and so Lady Hilda destroyed her last chance.

If Lady Baynebam could have seen the changed young face for only one minute, she would have known that the brain was overtaxed. But it was not so, and the young Lady of Baynebam went on to her fate.

She wrote a few lines to her husband, and covered them with passionate kisses; she took from her writing-desk all the money it contained, never stopping to count it, but filling her pocket-book with notes and gold. Then she rang the bell.

"Will you say I want the carriage, Pauline?" she said to to the maid, who gazed in surprise at her mistress.

"Are you going out, my lady?" asked the girl; "you look cold."

"I am going, Pauline," said Lady Hilda, with a strange smile, "for a very long drive."

She dressed herself in silence, placing the letter she had written on her desk. She never once looked round the room where so many happy hours had been spent. Long afterwards her maid spoke of the strange, fixed, unearthly look on her lady's face as she quitted the house.

"Where shall I drive, my lady?" asked the coachman.

"To Oulston," she replied; "go as usual to the Baynebam Arms, and wait."

And wait there he did, until the long day ended, but no Lady Baynebam came again. Night came on, cold and dark, but there was no sign of her. The man was uncertain how to act. She was punctuality itself and the dinner hour at the Castle was past. He did not like to return without her, but the hours sped on, and she did not appear. The landlord suggested that perhaps her ladyship had returned in a friend's carriage, but all conjectures were cut short by the appearance of Lord Baynebam, riding as one riding for life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD BAYNEBAM was found by the Duke of Laleham to be a very dull and wearisome companion. He could neither excite his interest nor elicit his attention. Every now and then he seemed to awake from a reverie and utter a few irrelevant words. The ride to Oulston, the interview with the persons concerned—the whole business, in fact, was a complete failure.

"I fear," said Lord Baynebam to his elderly friend, "that I have been a poor companion; "the fact is, and I should have explained it to your grace before, I am not myself to day. I have some little unpleasant affair on hand, and it is has teased and troubled me."

"I began to think so," said the duke warmly. "Why did you not tell me? This business can easily be deferred. I wish you had not stood upon ceremony with me."

He would take no further excuse, but insisted upon Lord Baynebam's returning home at once. He was impatient to be there. During all that long dreary ride his wife's sweet, pale face had been before him—the sad eyes filled with tears.

He felt convinced there was some strange mistake, that, if only explained, would clear away all mystery. On the very face of it there was the impress of something bewildering. He asked his wife how she came to lose her bracelet.—with whom she had been speaking in the Lady's Walk,—and she replied by passionate weeping, and asking, "must she go?" Go where?—and what for? He longed to be with her. The memory of her sorrow smote him with pain. He had been brusque and unkind. Let her keep her little secrets. Barbara spoke truly; she was as pure as she was fair; even his own jealous thoughts felt abashed before her sweet innocence. So he urged his horse along the high road, impatient to be with his wife again, impatient to clasp her once more in his arms, and drive the sorrowful, hunted, despairing look from her bright face.

When Lord Baynebam reached the Castle gates his horse was covered with foam, and the groom who came to attend him wondered why his master, usually so careful, had ridden so madly.

But Lord Baynebam calmed himself before seeing any member of his family, almost smiling at the excitement which had urged him on. He went direct to his wife's room and knocked at the door. No one replied, there was no sound within,—a profound, unbroken silence reigned over the sumptuous suite of rooms. He opened the door gently, thinking it probable that his wife slept, and went in; but the fair young face, that ever greeted him with a smile was absent.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "she is better, then, and has gone down to the drawing-room. I am glad."

Yet as he stood looking upon the elegant disarray of the room, a cold, strange fear crept into his heart, and numbed it; he could not explain why or what—a presentiment of coming evil. A little watch, richly-jewelled, lay ticking upon the table; in the vases fragrant heliotropes—his wife's favorite flower,—gave out a rich perfume; a volume she had been reading lay with the leaves still open, and everything bore the trace of her presence. But where was she?

Lord Baynebam hastily descended to the drawing-room, where the ladies of the family generally sat.

Barbara was there reading, but no golden head was raised at his entrance.

"Where is Hilda?" Lord Baynebam asked abruptly.

"I do not know, Claud," replied Miss Earle, looking up at him in some surprise. "I have not seen Hilda since morning."

Just then Lady Baynebam entered, with a cold, proud expression on her face, that Lord Baynebam knew very well.

"Where is Hilda, mother?" he asked, impatiently. "I thought she was with you."

"Your wife does not honor me with her society," was Lady Baynebam's reply, most haughtily given. "I went this morning to her room, but was decidedly refused admission. I certainly shall not trouble her again."

"But where is she?" again demanded Lord Baynebam, secretly admiring his wife's spirit.

"You had better summon her maid, and inquire," replied Lady Baynebam, indifferently; "I know nothing of her."

Lord Baynebam quitted the room, equally angry at Barbara Earle's inattention and his mother's pride.

"Where is Lady Hilda?" he inquired of Pauline, who began to flatter herself that the young lord liked talking to her.

"My lady is out," she replied. "The carriage was ordered some hours since, and has not yet returned."

Lord Baynebam gave a sigh of mingled relief and impatience.

"Did she—did Lady Hilda say where she was going?"

"No," was the reply; "my lady only said she was going for a long drive. She looked very ill, my lord, and quite unfit to be out long."

Lord Baynebam stamped his foot impatiently. Why had he gone to Oulston? Why had he allowed anything or anyone to come between him and his fair, gentle wife? He was ashamed to ask any more questions, or people would surely think him childish. But he could not remain in the house; he went out, and walked again, where he could see the high road, and catch the first glimpse of the carriage. One hour passed, and there was no sign of the carriage. The evening began to set in, the sun sank in the golden west, the dew fell upon the flowers, and the birds "called all wanderers home to their nests;" but still Lord Baynebam paced the walk alone, until he heard the dressing-bell ring.

"Hilda must be here soon," said the young husband to himself.

Amongst his wife's qualities, he had always admired the one of punctuality. He never remembered to have been kept waiting, or to have seen her late. This comforted him. She knew the dinner-hour, and would not remain beyond it.

Lord Baynebam never dressed so quickly, but, when he descended, the carriage had not arrived.

The first and second bell rang, and dinner was announced, but the young mistress of Baynebam was not in her accustomed place.

"What can have delayed Hilda?" inquired Miss Earle anxiously. "She went

out early this afternoon, intending to take a long drive. Surely no accident can have happened!"

Lord Baynecham's face blanched at the thought.

"Accidents are not so common, Barbara," said Lady Baynecham; "if anything of that kind had occurred we should have heard of it before this. Lady Hilda has been absent many hours; I presume she has met with some of our friends or neighbors, who have persuaded her to return with them."

"She is too thoughtful or considerate to have done such a thing," said Barbara warmly, "knowing that we should be anxious."

The countess saw that her son sent plate after plate away untouched and drank wine eagerly, as though wishing either to drown thought or acquire strength.

The dinner passed in a most uncomfortable state of silence, but no Lady Hilda returned.

"I cannot bear this," said Lord Baynecham, hastily rising from his chair. "Mother—Barbara, I am seriously alarmed. Pauline says Hilda looked very ill when she left the house. Mother, be pitiful; she is young, and has no mother. Barbara, what can we do?"

Both ladies rose and tried to calm him, for his wild words startled them.

"You had better inquire if anyone overheard what orders were given about the carriage," said the countess to her son. "Do not be alarmed, Claud. Hilda is safe, I am sure. Barbara, go to her room. She may have left a note for us."

Lord Baynecham went out and found the groom who usually helped the coachman, and he had heard all that had passed. The coachman asked where he should drive, and her ladyship replied to Oulston; and he was to wait for her as usual at the Baynecham Arms.

Again Lord Baynecham felt relieved. Perhaps, after all, she was only gone shopping, and had been detained; there might be no accident, nothing but forgetfulness of time. He resolved, however, to ride over to Oulston at once.

He returned to tell the countess of his intention; she stood in the dining-room, holding a folded paper in her hand; and Barbara Earle, with a white wondering face, stood near her. Lady Baynecham went up to her son; he saw that her face was full of strange emotion, and that she spoke in a low pained voice.

"Claud," she said, "come with me to my dressing-room. Hush! not one word—the servants will hear you."

In silent wonder, Lord Baynecham followed the stately lady, and Barbara Earle went with them. His mother closed the door and locked it; she then held out to him the folded paper.

"Barbara found this on the floor of your wife's room," she said, gently; "it had slipped from her desk, and it is addressed to you."

He took the letter from her in silence, and read it. They who watched him saw his face grow deadly white as he did so, and he staggered like a man who had received a sudden mortal blow. Through a red, blinding mist, he read words that burned themselves upon his heart, yet were all a mystery to him.

"Claud," the letter began, "I shall not wait for you to send me from you. You know all,—you say you know all. Ah, then, you must despise me. You must look upon me with loathing and contempt; but it was not my fault. I suffer for the sins of others.

"You recall what you said, Claud, and I must go. I cannot write my farewell—there are no tears in my eyes, yet they have gazed upon you for the last time. In my heart there is a deep burning sorrow, like a sharp piercing pain; there is despair and death. You were my life, my love, my all; you made the sunshine of my life. I go out from you into utter cold and darkness, where I shall never see you more, nevermore. I may call you darling for this last time, and I lay a hundred kisses on the word as I write it. My darling, forgive me, good-bye."

Lord Baynecham read the letter again and again, never understanding one of the sad, pitiful words in it. He realised but one thing,—she was gone from him, and he should see her "nevermore."

A cry that Lady Baynecham never forgot came from his white lips. Strong man though he was, the earl trembled like a child.

"Read that, mother," he said, "and tell me what it means."

Word by word the countess read that sad letter, her face growing white, as her son's had done.

"What can it mean?" she said; "what can be done?"

"I must find her!" cried Lord Baynecham. "Call all the servants, mother; rouse the whole place,—we must go after her."

Then his mother, going up to him, placed one arm lovingly around him.

"Hush, Claud," she said. "Your wife has left you; let us, however, save the honor of our house; cost what it may, this secret must be kept; the Bayneham's have never known disgrace; let us keep their name untainted. What say you, Barbara?"

"You are right, aunt," she replied, "for Hilda's own sake we must keep all knowledge of this from the world. Do not be angry with me, Claud; but from this letter, which you evidently do not understand, I should imagine poor Hilda to have been seized with something like sudden insanity. No sane person ever wrote this. Have you any idea to what she alludes?"

"No more than yourself," said Lord Baynecham. "I had better tell you all, and perhaps you can help me. Hilda would not tell me how her bracelet came to be in the Lady's Walk, and I discovered, quite accidentally, that she had been walking there with someone. I went to her and told her I knew all——"

"Well," said Barbara, for he stopped abruptly, "what then?"

"She cried out, passionately, 'Do you mean what you said? Must I go?' Not understanding in the least what she meant, I replied that I always said exactly what I meant. She cried out again, 'Must I go? Just then I was fetched away for the duke, and have not seen her since."

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard," said Lady Baynecham. "I can only imagine the poor child to be insane."

"Who was with her in the Lady's Walk?" asked Miss Earle. "You do not know?" she continued; "then, believe me Claud, she is neither insane nor anything else, but the victim of some mystery. I am certain of it. If all the world blames her, I keep my faith. But something must be done."

"I will go Oulston," said Lord Baynecham; and in less than minutes he was once more galloping along the high road.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WHAT has detained you so long?" said Lord Baynecham to the coachman, as he dismounted at the "Baynecham Arms."

"I am waiting for my lady," replied the man; "she desired me to do so."

Barbara Earle had said, "At any cost, we must keep the secret;" and Lord Baynecham remembered the words.

"It is all right," he replied, hastily; "you can go home. I am sorry you have been kept waiting so long. Lady Baynecham will not return with you this evening."

The landlord, who had shared the coachman's wonder, re-entered the house, perfectly satisfied, and Lord Baynecham followed the man who had been for more than thirty years a valuable servant to his family.

"Dickson," he said, laying one hand upon the coachman's shoulder, "tell me all that has passed since Lady Baynecham left the house."

"Nothing," my lord," replied the man; "her ladyship told me on starting to drive to Oulston, and wait for her at the 'Bayneham Arms,' and I have done so."

"Where did you set her down?" asked Lord Baynecham.

"My lady stopped at the corner of Hill street," replied Dickson; "she went down towards the Old Cross, and I drove on to the hotel."

"Did Lady Baynecham say anything about returning?" asked the earl.

"No," said Dickson. "Her ladyship never spoke to me after she entered the carriage. She looked very ill, my lord."

"And you have no idea where she went?" interrupted Lord Baynecham.

"None," said the man. "I have been waiting in much surprise, for her ladyship has always been so punctual."

"Dickson," said Lord Baynecham, "I shall want one man to help me in what I have to do; we have some reason to fear that Lady Baynecham is ill—is not quite herself. She has left her home, and gone no one knows where. Can you keep this secret, and help me to trace her?"

"I can, my lord," said Dickson, quietly. He made no protestations, but the young earl understood the good faith and strong reliance of those words.

"She went down towards the Old Cross you say," continued Lord Baynecham; "that is the road to the station; can she have gone there?"

He went into the hotel to look at the railway time-table. His wife left her home some few minutes past two o'clock; at twenty minutes past three was a train for London; at four, the express for Scotland, later on, the train for New Town, the largest junction on the line. His only resource was to go to the station, and make all the inquiries possible."

"How was Lady Baynecham dressed?" he asked Dickson.

"I did not notice, my lord," he replied. "I remember nothing that her ladyship wore except a thick waterproof cloak."

"Take the carriage home," said Lord Baynecham; "and mind, Dickson, I have trusted you. You will be the only servant in the house who knows the secret of your lady's flight; guard it as you would your life—say what you like to the rest to allay their suspicions, if they have any, and—stay, take this note to Lady Baynecham."

He wrote a few lines, just to say what he had done,—that he was now going to the station, and if he found any trace of his wife he should follow it up, therefore they need not feel any uneasiness at his absence. Dickson—he told Lady Baynecham—knew the truth, and in any emergency they must trust to him. In the meantime, they must shield Hilda as best they could, for he hoped to bring her back with him.

Lord Baynecham was not long in reaching the little station, where he was well known; but he found it difficult to ask many questions without exciting curiosity and wonder. Fortunately there was a new porter, who did not know his lordship, and to this man the young earl addressed himself.

The porter had been on the platform all the afternoon, and remembered the London train, and that four passengers left Oulston by it; but that only two went by the Scotch express. There were perhaps twenty for the New Town train, but amongst them he did not remember to have seen a lady in a waterproof cloak.

"A dark waterproof cloak, did you say, sir?" continued the porter. "Ah, now I remember something. Just before the London train started, a lady in a long dark cloak sent me to get her ticket. She sat there at the lower end of the platform, and spoke in a low voice as though she were ill. I did not see her face clearly, because she wore a veil, but I thought I saw that she was very pale and had golden hair. I bought her ticket and saw her get into a first class carriage for London."

The porter looked astonished when Lord Baynecham slipped a sovereign into his hand, and like a wise man he saw that there was something in it, and resolved to keep his thoughts to himself.

"I am sorry too, if he is in trouble," thought the man, "for a nicer or more liberal gentleman I never did see."

The London express started in half an hour, and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and fro on the little platform, seemed like an age to him. There were times when he felt that he must be dreaming. It could not be possible that Hilda, whom he had loved so well, should have flown from him—that his sweet fair wife had left him. Why, only last week they had been at the station together. Now, she was a fugitive—flying, he knew not what from—and he, trying his best to shield her and keep her name from the idle comments of busy men, was seeking her.

The journey to London seemed never ending, but Euston Square was reached at last, and then his task seemed hopeless.

The train from Oulston had reached there about six o'clock; two other trains came in at the time, and the station for some minutes was one grand scene of confusion; no one remembered a lady in a waterproof cloak,—there were several ladies, first class passengers, but no porter remembered to have procured either cab or carriage for any tall lady in a waterproof cloak.

The ticket collector was found and closely examined by Lord Baynecham. He had taken a ticket from a lady in a first-class carriage, a ticket marked from Oulston to London, he had not noticed her dress; he remembered that her hand was very white, and she wore several costly rings.

Lord Baynecham's heart beat quickly; without doubt it was her, but where had she gone? No one had seen her leave the carriage or quit the station. In spite of the collector's testimony he was as much lost as before.

He spent some long hours at Euston Square, but discovered no more. He had traced his wife to London, but there she vanished completely, and he knew not what to do.

Then he went to Scotland Yard, for he had heard wonders of the sagacity of an officer, who was said to be the cleverest private detective in England, and he told him the whole facts of the case, and offered him a large remuneration for any information he could procure. There was no more to be done. The detective told him to leave the matter in his hands, and promised to do his best.

Tired and depressed, Lord Baynecham went to his house in Grosvenor Square. Although taken by surprise at his sudden appearance, the housekeeper soon sent up a first-class little supper, which she was much disappointed at finding, the next morning untouched upon the table.

During the day following he had one long interview with the detective and the rest of his time was spent in writing. On the Thursday morning, the chief papers contained an advertisement wherein "Blue Bell"—the pet name he had given her in Brynmar woods—was entreated to send her address, as there had been some terrible mistake; but no reply came to them—no news came to Lord Baynecham of his fair young wife.

All at once an idea struck him. Of course she was gone to Brynmar, where else could she seek refuge? It was past ten o'clock on Thursday night when the thought came to him, and he never rested again until he saw once more the bonnie woods of Brynmar. He had hoped strongly, he had believed his search ended, but the Hall looked lonely and deserted; he knew by old Elsie's face, when she admitted him, that his lost wife was not there. No, nothing had been seen of the young Lady of Baynecham. She had not been there.

The earl did not wait either for sleep or refreshment, but hurried back again, sick at heart, and more disappointed than he cared to own.

At London he found strange letters awaiting him from Dr. Greyson, the trustee and guardian of his wife. He had received a letter from Lady Hilda, saying she renounced further claim upon the Brynmar estate, or any of the money bequeathed her by Lady Hutton, and she should never receive more, nor apply to him again. Lord Baynecham, she said, would understand why, and he was to decide what was to be done with the fortune she thus renounced.

More bewildered than ever, Lord Baynecham could only agree with his mother that Hilda must be insane. He understood nothing whatever of the motives which actuated her. He telegraphed for Dr. Greyson to join him, but when they took counsel together, neither one nor the other could suggest any solution of the mystery.

He then took Bertie Carlyon into his confidence. The young member had found himself famous, and his speeches were eagerly listened to and eagerly read. He was considered, and justly too, one of the most gifted and eloquent speakers of the day, and his career was now one of great and incessant labor rewarded by well-earned success. But Bertie, his old friend and confidante, could render him no assistance. He could throw no light upon the subject.

The postmark upon Lady Hilda's letter was London; but from that, all agreed it was foolish to believe that she was in the great city.

The constant anxiety of such a search began to tell heavily upon Lord Baynecham. He had been for several nights without sleep, and for several days with but little food. One morning, as, with Bertie Carlyon, he was coming from Scotland Yard, the two friends met Paul Fulton. At the first glimpse of him Lord Baynecham clenched his hands tightly. After all, what he had heard of those nonsensical notes had been the first cause of his present sorrow.

But Mr. Fulton hurried up to him, with a smile of welcome playing over his face, holding out his hand with a few words of cordial greeting. There was something so genial and kindly in his manner, that Lord Baynecham's half formed suspicions died away at once.

"How are all at Baynecham?" said Mr. Fulton. "How is Lady Hilda? Is she here with you?"

He evidently knew nothing of what had happened at Baynecham.

"You look extremely ill?" he continued. "I hardly knew you at first. When are you returning?"

Lord Baynecham replied briefly, and then hurried on. Only ten days since, and this man was an honored guest under his roof. What had happened since then?

That morning he met several of his friends, who were all pleased and surprised at seeing him, but grieved at his changed appearance. There seemed to be only one topic of conversation, the engagement of the fair and fashionable Lady Grahame to Mr. Fulton.

On the morning following, the detective called again. He had little progress to report; he had traced Lady Hilda to Euston Square; but no farther, and then she vanished completely, and he had no clue to her whereabouts.

Lord Baynecham became almost frantic; in vain he redoubled his efforts and increased the offered rewards; but one thing comforted him, the secret was well kept. He heard from Lady Baynecham that most of the servants believed their young lady to be with their master in London, as did all callers and visitors; and in London everyone believed her ladyship to be still at Baynecham. He hoped it might be possible to keep up appearances until she was found and restored to her home.

In the meantime Mr. Fulton had achieved his triumph; all fashionable London rang with the news. It was warmly welcomed; every one liked Lady Grahame, and Mr. Fulton was very popular. The union of two such favorites was considered a very pleasant and agreeable circumstance. Lord Baynecham continually heard of this engagement. It convinced him, more than any other circumstance, how foolishly wrong he had been in his suspicion. To set aside every other argument, to forget for a time the sweet faith and innocence of his lost wife, it was not probable that a gentleman just engaged to the fair and coquettish widow should have tried a flirtation with his wife. Mr. Fulton always inquired anxiously about her; hoped she was well, and never dreamed that anything had gone wrong at Baynecham.

Barbara Earle and the countess waited in silent wonder, hoping every day would bring better news.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Making a call the other day," writes a correspondent, "I casually opened a Bible on the drawing room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked 'recipe for punches.' My friend entered at the moment and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the world did you get that?' she asked, 'I've been looking for it for six months!'"

Did you every see a doctor in the cemetery looking at the monuments of his kill?

"THE WIDOW'S MITE."

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

A widow—she had only one—
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite

The widow's mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
Though friends were fewer;
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair,
Was music to her.

I saw her then—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much;
She has:—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

Lost to Save.

BY E. W. P.

"WHAT S the matter, my boy?"

The question was asked by Lawyer Maythorpe, who lived in the large red brick house at the entrance of the Silverweir High Street, and who was reputed to be "as rich as a Jew."

Certainly far richer than Sir Hugh Northall, whom all the little town knew found it a very hard matter to make both ends meet.

"And so he ought to be," ejaculated the Silverweirites, "for was it not Sir Hugh's father who took Lawyer Maythorpe's father by the hand when he had hardly a penny to bless himself with, and aided him to build the vast fortune the son now enjoys?"

Matters stood in this position when his nephew, entering the study one day, had caused Lawyer Maythorpe to look up from his writing and ask what was the matter.

"Simply, uncle," responded the young man, throwing himself in a chair by the blazing fire—for it was the first of November, and the atmosphere was dank and foggy,—"that I am the happiest and most miserable man in existence."

"Ah!" remarked the lawyer, drily; "then you are in love."

"Exactly! Happy because I have seen the only woman I could ever love. Miserable because I have not the slightest chance of winning her."

"Why not? You're not bad looking. You are rich, for you are my heir."

"Ah, uncle, but in some cases something more is required; birth, position. The lady I love is Miss Ella Northall."

"The Baronet's daughter! Why, you arrived at Silverweir only yesterday! You can have seen her but once!"

"What matter if once or many times? I love her, and she is beyond my reach."

"Why!" questioned the lawyer, drily.

"Why? First, because Sir Hugh would consider her by birth far my superior; secondly, his name is time honored in Silverweir. Look at his position—look at his estate!"

"As to his estate, that is mortgaged to its full value. And the mortgages would have been foreclosed long ago had they not been held by—a friend."

"How do you mean, uncle?" noting his peculiar look.

"This: that there is now but one mortgagee, and that is myself. It is said in Silverweir that I owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Hugh. Well, I have bought up the mortgages—so prevented foreclosure; I have given him a bill of sale on his furniture—so saved that from creditors."

"Then——"

"The estate of Holmbeech, and all it contains at this moment, is mine; you may let all Silverweir know it," put in Lawyer Maythorpe; "mine and my heir's," he laughed. "To morrow Sir Hugh's flight will be known, for he starts secretly for the Continent with his daughter to-night, and to morrow I take possession."

"Miss Northall, uncle, is, in that case, no heiress!"

Great was the consternation in Silverweir when next day it was known that old Sir Hugh had had to fly, leaving the estate, everything, to his creditors.

But sympathy was blended with fierce indignation on the news being circulated that the chief creditor, being sole mortgagee and holder of a bill of sale, was Lawyer Maythorpe, the man who owed everything to the Northall family. But the rage of Silverweir reached its height when it learned before the day was out that Lawyer Maythorpe had taken possession of Holmbeech and from thence was making arrangements with Sir Hugh's creditors.

The loss of Holmbeech was a severe blow to both the Northalls. They were seated on the shore of Nice, silently, their thoughts being far away, when a shadow falling across where they sat caused the girl to look up.

Instantly she gave a smile of recognition, if not of pleasure, on beholding the comer to be a tall, well made young man of about five and twenty.

On finding himself observed, he lifted his hat, and approached a step nearer.

"This gentleman knows us, Ella," remarked the Baronet. "He has the advantage of me, my love. Who is it?"

"Do you not recollect, papa, dear? It is the gentleman who so kindly helped us at the railway station at Munich last year," she replied, softly.

"Ah, I remember. Excuse me, sir," and Sir Hugh extended his hand. "My memory is slightly defective lately. I recall you now. I am happy to see you."

In a little while, with their friend, the father and daughter strolled towards their villa. On its being reached, Sir Hugh could not but ask their new friend in; and Michel Golding, who had never had Ella out of his thoughts since, by a happy chance, he had been able to render them a service at the Munich Railway station, gladly entered.

If only for preventing her father brooding on the loss of Holmbeech, Ella would have welcomed Michel's presence, but there was another reason. That first meeting impressed her equally as him; and already, as they sat under the verandah, watching the stars shining forth one by one, their glances were revealing the secret of the young hearts over which they had to keep good guard.

"I regret to see Sir Hugh looking so ill," said Michel, on taking his leave; "I wish I could aid him. How gladly would I do so!"

"It is very kind of you, but nothing can help him," said Ella. "But your society has cheered him much."

"I may come again, then?" he questioned, quietly.

"Has not papa asked you?"

And Michel Golding went away, a little disappointed that Ella had not added her invitation to her father's. Did she like his coming only because it pleased Sir Hugh? That question, which he lacked conceit to answer, held him long awake this night. Perhaps it was to solve it that he became a daily visitor at the villa.

One evening, coming thither, he found Sir Hugh alone, asleep on the sofa. Ella was not there. Turning, however, he recognised her figure by the margin of the sea.

Swiftly and noiselessly he joined her; so noiselessly, that she, occupied by thought, was taken off her guard and looked up, tears on her cheek.

"Miss Northall," he exclaimed, much concerned, "you are in trouble. Tell me, can I do nothing? Will you believe me when I say that there is no sacrifice I would not make to save you from pain?"

"Why should I not believe?" she murmured. "You have been all that is kind to us. My trouble is the old one, Mr Golding. I might bear it, but I fear it is killing papa."

"No, no; not that," broke in the young man, tremulously. "Did he not only yesterday say he would be patient? Did we not agree that something yet might be done to preserve Holmbeech? May he not be mistaken in his thought of Lawyer Maythorpe being false to him."

"He would believe anything possible but that," said Ella, shaking her head; "so would I."

"Oh, if I only dared speak!"

"What?" she asked, looking surprised.

He hesitated a moment, then bent forward, a nervous quiver in his voice.

"That I love you," he whispered. "That, Miss Northall, I would give the world to win you. Yet what am I that I should dare hope return—return from you, Sir Hugh Northall's daughter?"

"And," she interrupted with a sad smile, "a beggar! No, Mr. Golding; you are right. We are not on an equality. Last night you told papa you were wealthy—had great riches. I—am penniless! I can give my love, not sell it."

"Sell it, Miss Northall—Ella!" he cried. "What do you mean? You insult yourself!"

"No, Mr. Golding," she smiled; "it is you. Did you not yesterday offer to give my father the means to free Holmbeech? Do not think me vain if I repeat my father's words on your departure: 'Ella, Mr. Golding loves you, but fears to come forward like a man and say it. He would put me under an obligation, and win you thus.'"

Michel Golding flushed crimson.

"Miss Northall," he said, "I am deservedly punished by such an opinion, though I vow I do not merit it. I have perhaps held myself too low, too unworthy to hope to win you, but I made not the offer in the spirit your father states. He has misread me; but let the end show. I hold you I love so superior to me, that I would have given all I possessed, as an adorer lays his offering on a holy shrine, even without return. I repeat, let the end prove."

He turned and moved away. Ella hesitated, then called him back.

"Mr. Golding," she murmured, "papa has wronged you; so too have I—forgive me."

"Forgive you! Oh, Ella, may I hope?"

"I love you!" she whispered.

With an exclamation of joy, he would have drawn her to him but she drew back.

"No," she remarked; "I love you, but papa must decide whether I may become yours."

"May I ask him, Ella, dearest?"

"Yes."

But the question had to be deferred. Sir Hugh was far too excited on their return, owing to a telegram which had just arrived from Lawyer Maythorpe, requesting his presence at once on most important business at Holmbeech.

And the next day the father and daughter, with Michel Golding in attendance, set out for England.

On reaching Silverweir the Baronet instantly sought the lawyer, who told him it was for his advantage he had acted as he did.

"Mine, Maythorpe?" said the Baronet, drily.

"Certainly not for mine, Sir Hugh. As your chief creditor, I have well, and, I think you will own, satisfactorily, settled with the rest. You are free of debt."

"And Holmbeech?"

"Here are the mortgage papers and the bill of sale. There is the amount you are indebted to me. You are an honorable man, and will, I know, settle by degrees. As to these"—taking the bill of sale and mortgages—"thus do I pay my debt of gratitude!"

And he placed them on the top of the blazing logs.

"What!" cried the Baronet. "Maythorpe, what do you mean?"

"Simply, Sir Hugh, that if I had burnt those papers before you had settled with your creditors, they would have seized everything. You have no creditors now; the place is yours."

Sir Hugh, overcome, averted his head to hide the tears flowing down his cheeks.

"May I come in?" asked a voice.

"Certainly, Michel. Sir Hugh, Miss Ella, let me introduce to you my nephew."

"Your nephew, Maythorpe?"

"No other, Sir Hugh. Pray don't imagine that there has been either plot or conspiracy. He saw Miss Northall at Munich, also once here, and—I don't wonder at it—loved her. I told him if he had the temerity to woo it had better be as a stranger, for, being under the cloud I was with Sir Hugh, I did not think that my nephew would meet with much welcome. And I ask you now, as a favor, not to let what I have done bias you. You are, and ever have been, the master of Holmbeech. Michel is no worthy suitor for your heiress."

"Let Ella decide that," said the Baronet. "If I have a word to say it will be, Michel Golding, in your favor. I do not forget Nice."

"What do you say, Ella?" asked the young man.

"Have I not said already," she smiled and blushed, "that all depends upon papa?"

The news of the Northalls' return to Holmbeech ran through Silverweir like electricity. The little town went wild with happiness, and burnt bonfires in his honor.

"I really thought dear Holmbeech had gone," smiled Ella, as, with Michel Golding, she watched the rejoicings.

"Instead of which," responded her lover, gaily, "it was lost only to save."

NO MOTHER.—"She has no mother!" What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance—no mother! We must go far down the hard, rough paths of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that one short sentence! Who now shall administer the needed counsel? Who now shall check the wayward fancies? Who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing? Is she forgetful of duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, "she has no mother!" When her young companions are gay and joyous, does she sit sorrowing? Does she pass with a languid step and downcast eye, when you would fain witness the gushing and overflowing gladness of youth? Chide her not, for she is motherless; and the great sorrow comes down upon her soul like an incubus.—Can you gain her confidence, can you win her love? Come, then to the motherless, with the boon of your tenderest care, and by the memory of your own mother, already, perhaps, passed away—by the fulness of your own remembered sorrow—by the possibility that your own child may yet be motherless—contribute so far as you may, to relieve the sorrow and repair the loss, of that fair frail child, who is written motherless!

W. B.

An ingenious merchant of Elmira has invented an apparatus for the convenience of his carraige customers. It consists of a tassel attached to a cord connecting with a bell in the store. The tassel hangs on a post at the edge of the sidewalk, and the customer has merely to pull the tassel and an employe comes to the carraige and receives the order.

The passions may be humored till they become our master, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CROSSED KNIVES.—A good many people cross their knives and forks without knowing what it signifies. Of old this was done to signify the sign of the Cross.

MOLE HILLS.—Mole hills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

ANCIENT ANATOMISTS.—The ancient anatomist must have felt a zeal for the science which makes the imagination shudder. It reached to nothing less than dissecting men alive; for this purpose the bodies of criminals were devoted. Herophilus, a Greek physician of Chalcedon, who flourished 57 years before the Christian era, is said to have been one of the first who dissected human bodies. Tertullian says he dissected them alive.

LARGE MICE.—Most of the ancient authors are singularly credulous. Diodorus Siculus say that in Egypt, on account of the fertility of the land, mice grow so large, the people become terrified. In some cases, he continues, they may be seen growing out of the soil, their breasts and fore-legs being fully grown while the rest of the body is still unformed mud. His statement really refers to the crocodiles, which are sometimes thus found after the inundation of the Nile has subsided.

LADY DAY.—This festival, the 25th March, was instituted A. D. 350, according to some authorities, and not before the seventh century according to others. On this day, the 25th March, the angel Gabriel brought to the Virgin Mary the message concerning her son Jesus; hence it is called the Annunciation, and is celebrated in the Catholic church as one of its chief feasts, and in the Reformed church also, on account of the connection between the circumstance commemorated and the Incarnation. In England, before the alteration of the style, the new year began on the 25th of March.

EATING GLASS.—The feat of eating glass, or at least breaking it with the teeth, is not confined to dervishes or conjurors by profession. The following statement is made concerning Sir Richard Grenville, a famous English admiral: "He was of so hard a complexion that as he continued among the Spanish captains while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and in a bravery take the glasses between his teeth and crash them in pieces and swallow them down, so that oftentimes the blood ran out of his mouth without any harm at all unto him; and this was told me by divers credible persons that many times stood and beheld him."

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence.

THE LAUGHING PLANT.—In Arabia there is a plant whose seeds produce effects much like those of laughing gas, and therefore it is called the Laughing Plant. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if cautiously taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus-clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing, and laugh most boisterously and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of the occurrence.

HOW KINGS DIED.—William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink and from the violence of his passions. William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted. Henry I. died of gluttony. Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. Richard Coeur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer. John died, nobody knows how; but it is said from sorrow. Henry III. is said to have died a "natural death." Edward I. is also said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would puzzle all the college physicians to denominate. Edward II. was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour. Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of starvation.

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SOME ONE.

BY EFFIE CAMPBELL.

Never a wind that blows,
E'en from the soft southwest,
But blows across the grave
Of some one we've loved best.

Some one sleeping too far
Below the sweet sunshine
To hear the zephyr's breath,
As it stirs the myrtle vine.

Too far to know the footsteps
That softly, sadly pass,
Above that quiet sleeping,
Below the tangled grass.

Some one whose sandaled feet
Grew tired by the way,
Grew weary of the night,
And went forth to meet the day.

O wild and wayward wind!
O fragrant soft southwest!
Ye kiss fair graves, in your roving,
Of a "some one" we've all loved best.

The Sewing Circle.

BY M. E. B.

PROSPEROUS circumstances, a large, well furnished house, a kind and devoted husband, attentive servants, and last, though not least, a laughing, frolicsome child, did not possess sufficient attractions to make Mrs William Wells contented and happy at home. She liked excitement, but especially did she enjoy a social chat with those of her own sex. This afternoon the sewing circle was to meet at her house. Her boy Willie was not very well, but what was that to looking after the heathen!

At the appointed hour old women, middle aged women, and young women, made their way to the house of Mrs. Wells. Large bags of disordered sewing and tangled knitting were brought to the light, revealing any number of articles begun, but none finished. Here lay the body of a shirt, but the sleeves could not be found; there the two were found in close proximity, but minus wristbands and collar. Elderly ladies snapped their knitting needles fiercely, and younger ones plied their bits of steel with unusual assiduity.

But soon the interest began to flag. Tongues moved faster than fingers, and promised to do more mischief. The virtues and vices of the absent were discussed, and the golden rule entirely forgotten.

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Twiss, with the different articles of clothing I see scattered about?" asked Mr Wells, politely, as he passed through the room some time after.

"Why, bless your heart, sir, we sell them, and send the money to Dr. Sprout, who takes charge of it, and when he gets a chance, sends it to the heathen."

"Who is Dr. Sprout? I never heard of him," added the gentleman.

"It's a pity you don't know him, for he's such a handsome literary man," resumed Mrs. Twiss, with enthusiasm. "He came in one evening, bought a book mark, and talked so beautifully about Timotheus, Arabia, and the cannibals, that we all liked him at once. We let him take all our funds to keep, and he took them gratefully, sir, I assure you."

"No doubt," said Mr. Wells, with a quiet smile. "But how much do you earn at one such meeting as this?"

O, sometimes more and sometimes less, though generally we do a sight of work," answered the lady, plying her needle all at once with uncommon rapidity, as an example of their industry. "I really believe I've got as many as twenty five boy's jackets, and as many aprons piled up at home, that we've made."

"Not very available property, I fear," rejoined the gentleman, laughing.

"Well, they don't seem to be fetching in much just now, sir; but we've great hopes of 'em. Your wife thinks we shall have to auction 'em. I hope not, though, for they'll be terribly sacrificed, if we do."

Mr. Wells seemed in an observing mood; he heard all that was said, and noticed all that was done. After conversing awhile longer with Mrs. Twiss, he walked away just fast enough to hear the following remark from a fat personage on his left.

"Deacon Grant's wife has got another new silk dress! Anybody would think her husband was made of money. She ought to think more of her example, as one of the pillars of the church."

"How did you find out?" asked a voice.

"O, my dressmaker cut it for her, and she told me. And as true as you are alive, it was made with six flounces!"

The gentleman stopped to hear no more, but with another peculiar smile, left the room. As it was the most convenient way, Mrs. Wells had concluded to "carry round" the refreshments; and as the cook was busy making tea and cutting cake, Janet offered her services. Luckless Janet. As she was entering the room, she tripped her foot against a large bundle of cloth, and down went Janet and two dozen nice china plates, breaking the latter to atoms. This unfortunate accident cast a damper upon the spirits of the company; but Mrs. Wells took so little notice of the circumstances, and other plates being instantly supplied, the ladies began to sip their tea with renewed relish. The quantity of sandwiches and cake which disappeared was astonishing. An observer might have supposed that some had deprived themselves of both breakfast and dinner, on purpose to acquire a keener appetite for the good things which Mrs. Wells so generously produced. This, however, is mere supposition.

"And now," thought Mrs Wells, after the tea things were removed, "we shall have a long evening in which to accomplish a great deal. My husband must see nothing to prejudice him still more against 'sewing circles.' So far all has gone on well, except the trifling accident of the plates being demolished."

Her reflections were interrupted by a great bustle within the parlor, and a voice exclaiming:

"He is choking! he is choking!"

Throwing open the door, Mrs. Wells beheld Willie, who appeared suffocating, struggling in the arms of Miss Ferris. The latter seemed much frightened, and was alternately exclaiming and striking the child upon the back, as if to assist him in dislodging something in his throat.

"Miss Ferris! my child! O, it must be the croup!" exclaimed the excited mother, rushing frantically to the scene of action.

"Don't rave so, Mrs. Wells; it aint the croup. I've just examined my snuff box, and I shouldn't wonder if he had swallowed my snuff bean; at any rate, it's missing," said one of the company, very deliberately.

"Call my husband; quick!" screamed the mother.

The husband was soon on the spot; and as the child still continued to cough and choke, an emetic was administered without loss of time. Soon the frightened mother had the happiness of seeing him eject a quantity of yellow snuff, including the missing bean. The operation evidently relieved him greatly, and he was committed to the care of Janet, the maid, with strict injunctions that he should not again be left that evening.

But more trouble was in store for Mrs. Wells. In the hurry and confusion, some one had overturned a table, upon which stood, burning, a valuable lamp. This, of course, was broken in its descent, scattering the glass and oil in every direction. No one heeded this until the child was removed, when an examination showed that a costly table cover, several valuable books, and two silk dresses, were irretrievably ruined, to say nothing of the injury to a nice Brussels carpet.

Work was laid aside, conversation flagged, and the sufferers, with blank faces, made preparations for an early departure. As nothing could be done to any advantage among such a state of things it was thought best to postpone all further efforts on that occasion; and the afternoon that began so hopefully on the part of Mrs. Wells, ended in vexation and mortification. Her husband wisely refrained from any observation until the next morning, when he saw her, with elongated countenance, inspecting her disordered parlors.

"Well, Mary," he smilingly asked, I would like to ask how much work was done yesterday?"

"Janet," said Mrs. Wells, "bring me the work that you took from the tables last evening." The girl obeyed.

"Now look these things over, and tell me how many articles are finished among them."

Janet tumbled them about several moments, without speaking.

"O my! what stitches!" she at last exclaimed. "It's lucky these are for the heathen, for nobody else would wear 'em!"

"They are not made for them to wear; they are to be sold, Janet," continued her mistress.

"Another question is, who has been benefited by this 'sewing circle?'" resumed Mr. Wells as Janet left the room.

"I should judge *I* had not," answered his wife, again looking dubiously at the soiled carpet and fragments of broken glass.

"Thirdly, who has been injured?"

"It seems to me that *I* have been the greatest sufferer."

"In one sense you have, and in another you have not," said her husband, in a serious tone. "The absent, Mary, has been injured the most. The gossip and tattle, which most of the people here yesterday indulged in, more than counterbalanced all the good they might have done. I do not wish to judge harshly, but I think, from my own observation, that many came here not from a desire to benefit others, but to enjoy themselves, and give unbridled license to the tongue.

"Now let us look at things in their proper light," continued Mr. Wells, as his wife remained silent. "To begin with, Janet fell and broke two dozen plates; Willie, in her absence, appropriated the property of another to his own use, and you know what were the consequences. A valuable lamp and table-cover were destroyed, several choice books badly soiled, besides a breadth of carpeting entirely ruined. Added to this, you were somewhat out of temper, frightened and mortified, and your guests discomforted and disappointed. On the other hand, nothing of any consequence was accomplished, and what little was done, was done badly; and I daresay all separated with mutual feelings of discontent."

Mr Wells paused, and his wife looked thoughtful. She was evidently considering the subject with an unprejudiced mind; and, some time after, confessed to an intimate friend that she feared she had mistaken the right way of doing good. She was convinced that true charity seeketh not to laud her good deeds, and that a quiet, unostentatious benevolence was far more preferable. Mrs Wells was confirmed in this opinion by the discovery that "Dr. Sprout," their "literary" treasurer, had shown his gratitude" for the confidence reposed in him, and decamped with the funds of the society. It became evident to hear that the object of their "sewing circle" was a selfish one, that many joined it to gain an opportunity to talk about their neighbors, the courtships and marriages of the last six months, those in prospective for the next year, and, in fact, all the petty scandal of the neighborhood, rather than from a disinterested desire to benefit the destitute. We need not go far in search of worthy objects, for, according to the great Lawgiver, the poor are always among us.

The Rivals

BY WILSON SENSOR.

"I'LL seek her out and learn my fate tonight," said Harry Milton to himself, as he sauntered listlessly about, avoiding the gay company which thronged the spacious grounds.

It was an entertainment given in honor of the marriage of a wealthy heiress.

The scene was dazzling beyond description. Many-colored lights suspended from the overhanging boughs gave the idea of an enchanted garden abounding with iridescent fruits.

Youth and beauty were there in profusion, and on every side hilarity and joyousness reigned without restraint.

Harry Milton's love for Eva Merrion was of no recent growth.

It had developed gradually with his manhood, gathering strength each day, till at last it had absorbed his entire being.

More than once he had been on the point of whispering the precious secret in Eva's ear; and there were times when he almost fancied the knowledge of it would have proved not unwelcome.

But then a terrible fear would overcome him lest one fatal word should for ever extinguish the ray of hope beyond which he could see nothing but darkness and gloom.

Even the torture of suspense was preferable to the agony of despair. So Harry had so far held his peace.

But this night he was resolved to speak out, come what would. Eva, he knew, was among the guests.

When he found her, he would take her for a walk along one of the less frequented paths, tell her all in the fewest and strongest words, and bear with what fortitude he might whatever answer came.

A sudden turn brought him near a dimly lighted alcove shaded with vines, whence came a murmured sound of earnest voices.

Harry would have hurried on, too intent on his own purposed love making to attend to that of others, but an involuntary glimpse he caught of the interior of the alcove rooted him to the spot, and roused every sense to its utmost vigilance.

On a low seat sat Eva Merrion, her lips moving as if in speech, and her face aglow with animation.

A man by her side, whose attitude for the moment concealed his face, holding one of her hands in his, bent forward as if eager to catch every syllable.

"How, dear Eva" he exclaimed with emotion, "can I sufficiently express my joy and gratitude? Your words have made me the happiest of men."

And then before releasing it, he pressed to his lips the small white hand he had till then detained.

It needed not the turn of the speaker's head which brought his features into view to reveal to Harry the identity of him who had come thus unexpectedly between him and his heart's delight.

The tones of the voices had already sufficed for that.

The man was Hugh Milton, his own brother!

Ties of brotherhood were never more strong than those which bound together Hugh and Harry Milton.

Left orphans at an early age, they had been all in all to each other.

There is no telling to what extravagant pitch of madness Harry might have been driven had he thus discovered a rival in the person of a stranger.

As it was he stood disarmed.

He could lay no blame at the door of his brother, to whom he had never confided his secret.

Nor could he find fault with Eva for not divining that of which his own lack of courage had left her in ignorance.

His face was white and ghastly as he turned into an obscure path, and beat a hasty retreat from the grounds.

"I fancied it was her sister Hattie," he mused, as he hastened along at an almost running pace. "I fancied it was Hattie he cared for; but Eva! O'a, why did I never think of that!"

Harry could see but one way open.

He must go away from scenes which could only remind him of his misery.

He could never endure to see Eva the wife of another; even of the brother he had loved so well.

His resolution once taken, he lost no time in carrying it out.

Betaking himself to his apartment, he penned a hurried note to his brother, announcing somewhat incoherently that a sudden impulse had seized him to go traveling abroad, and that he could not wait to say good bye if he would catch the next steamer, winding up with warm wishes for Hugh's happiness and welfare, which was the nearest approach he could make to congratulating the latter on his approaching nuptials.

Within three months Harry had paid flying visits to all the places of interest in Europe without taking a particle of interest in any of them.

He was now doing the Eternal City without caring a fig whether the spot where the patriotic geese cackled was laid down correctly in this, that, or the other guide book, or whether it was corn or love of country they cackled for.

One day as he stood looking disconsolately into the muddy Tiber—"yellow" the poets call it—wondering how many jilted Roman lovers had sought refuge beneath its uninviting waves, a familiar step and voice startled him from his reverie.

"Ha! runaway, so it's here we find you."

Composing himself with an effort, Harry returned his brother's greeting, but his face was so sad and woe-begone that it was Hugh's turn to look serious.

"What on earth's the matter with you, old fellow?" he cried. "You look as much in the dumps as the chap that wept over the ruins—I forget whether it was here or at Carthage he did it. But come along and see my wife. Between us we may be able to cheer you up a bit."

Harry would gladly have excused himself, but saw no good way of doing so.

He had resolved from the first, that the shadow of his disappointment should cast no blight on the happiness of those who had been its innocent cause, and this he could only accomplish by avoiding all appearances which might betray his secret.

In a few minutes the brothers had reached Hugh's rooms at the hotel.

"Come, wifey" said Hugh, tapping at the door of an inner apartment; "here's a friend I've brought to see you."

At sight of the lady Harry started back amazed.

Then quickly advancing, he clasped her in an embrace which did him honor both as a man and a brother-in-law.

The bride was Hattie, not Eva.

The scene in the alcove was cleared up in the course of a confab which took place between the brothers in the smoking room a little later.

There had been a sharp lovers' quarrel between Hugh and Hattie, in the making up of which the former had enlisted Eva's good offices; and that night in the alcove, she had communicated the complete success of her efforts to Hugh, who had naturally been a little warm in his thanks.

Hugh and Hattie insisted on Harry sharing the rest of their wedding tour; but Harry suddenly discovered that urgent business compelled him to start for home the next morning—where he arrived without delay; and those skilled in the interpretation of signs in such cases say there will be another wedding tour soon.

SOME ASTONISHING MEMORIES.—Of Fuller we are told "that he could write verbatim another man's sermon after hearing it once, and that he could do the same with as many as 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. One day he undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the furthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, a feat which he easily accomplished. Memory was in a past day more systematically cultivated than with us. People set themselves tasks. Thus Thomas Cromwell, of the Reformation period, as a traveling task, committed to memory the whole of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the New Testament. Bishop Sanderson could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book. Bacon alludes to receipts for its improvement, as well as what herbs, in the popular mind, tend to strengthen imperfect memory, as onions, or beans, or such vaporous food. A waiter in New York daily receives some 500 hats from chance persons dining together in one room, and without any system of arrangement promptly returns each hat to its owner, explaining that he forms a mental picture of the wearer's face inside his hat, and that on looking into the hat its owner is instantly brought before him.

A young woman who died in miserable circumstances, Iowa, was married at fifteen to an old man, from whom she eloped with his son, who abandoned her.

A DREAM.

BY RIVA.

I had a vision in the dead of night,
When all was still, and I lay calmly sleeping;
I stood upon a mountain's dizzy height,
And with my eye th' horizon wide was sweeping.
And as I gazed my sight grew wondrous clear,
And far-off objects plain as those most near.

Anon I saw a little rippling brook,
So small a falling leaf might turn its course;
Its journey down the mountain side it took,
Increasing, as it flowed, in size and force,
And, graceful, 'neath the trees pursued its way,
Reflecting back to heaven the sun's bright ray.

Onward it flowed through valley and ravine,
With other streams uniting here and there;
O'er plains and pastures, clothed in living green,
Each with her springs contributing a share,
Till, where the azure arch salutes the sea,
A mighty river flowed into the sea.

Awake, I pondered on the curious dream,
The strength of unity so well displayed;
The thirsty earth might soon have drank the stream
Had not another sprang to lend its aid;
Each spring and brook flowed feebly on its course,
Yet all united gained resistless force.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE lady had been weeping.

'Nothing serious, I trust," he observed

"It is impossible to say what is serious and what is not," replied the lady, "with an unreasonable patient like Ernest "She always designated her adopted brother by his baptismal name. 'He refuses to take any more medicine.

"Nature is powerful," said the visitor.

"It had need be to relieve him of his excesses. I have told him a hundred times they are killing him."

"It would be a sad loss to the country," said the gentleman.

'Ruin," exclaimed the countess, "ruin." She was thinking of herself rather than Schwineberg. "And is nothing settled yet?"

"You allude to the regency?"

"Yes."

"Let us hope that your fears are alarmed unnecessarily," observed the minister.

"His highness has the constitution of a horse," interrupted the lady, "or he must have died years since."

"He may recover."

"And suppose he does; still the same uncertainty. No one at court knows which party to look to: Karl or the duchess. Why does England meddle in the affair?"

"Why, indeed," thought the diplomat, who was far too clear sighted not to perceive the fallacy of the interference he had been instructed to exercise.

"She can have no interest, no real interest"

The Hon. Edward Berrington replied by some platitude, in which Hanover, the Zolverein, and the Elbe duties were mechanically mixed up.

"Stuff! Your excellency does not believe what you assert, however successfully you have impressed it upon the weak mind of Ernest If he would only come to a decision," added the countess, "I should at least know what to provide against."

"The decision depends upon you."

'Upon me?"

"I have said it."

"You jest."

"The subject is too grave for jesting" replied her visitor. "Only two parties are eligible for the regency: Prince Karl——"

"Whom I hate."

"And fear."

"And fear," repeated the lady.

"Or the grand duchess, who has no very great reason for loving you," added the gentleman. "You perceive I speak plainly."

"And your excellency is quite right to do so. I love frankness above all things It has been the misfortune of my life to act with too little disguise, not even prudence. But you are wrong on one point; her highness has every reason to love me."

"Indeed!"

"Have I not taken the dull, miserable, wearying task of amusing her husband off her hands? She has no mind, no energy. I question if she has even sufficient strength of character either to love or hate. We are the best of friends."

"You wish her highness to be regent then?"

"Wish," repeated the countess joyously. "I pray for it."

'Of course there will be conditions," observed the visitor.

"That is only just."

"They are personal ones."

The lady expected as much.

"I have a person with me," continued the Hon. Edward Berrington, "Whose fidelity I suspect. His condition is but a little above that of a servant; I wish to confine him."

"Is that all?" demanded the lady in a tone of indifference. "In the Alte Schloss there is more than one dungeon vacant."

She might have stated with truth that they were all vacant; for the governor's appointment, so far as prisoners were concerned, was a mere sinecure. He had been appointed by her influence, and was, like most court creatures, devoted to her whilst it lasted.

The compact was made between them, and the Countess von Schlammermacher quitted the room to pay a visit to her adopted brother, whose illness she found to have taken a sufficiently favorable turn, to obtain from him the order she had solicited.

In less than an hour she returned with it triumphantly.

"There must be no scandal," she observed.

The minister smiled.

"Once within the walls you have nothing more to do Bonheim," the name of the commandant, "will undertake the rest."

"And the grand duke?"

"Is better. The crisis is over, and we are quit of the fright this time. As soon as Ernest is capable of attending to business I rely upon your promise."

"You may do so, Countess," replied the gentleman; "from this moment we are allies. I already owe you a debt of gratitude for acceding to the request of my sister in my absence. It shall not be unremembered. I take my leave."

The lady extended her little fat hand, which the speaker respectfully kissed, and then returned to his carriage

"Lynx would betray me," he murmured to himself as he drove from the palace; "after the money he has had of me too. A fortune to a fellow in his position; but there is no trusting the gratitude or fidelity of the common herd. I have no faith in the simplicity and meekness of the grand duchess, but that is the affair of the countess, not mine. She has served my purpose. How the wily lawyer will chafe when he finds himself outwitted. It is evident that he suspects foul play. Let him. Suspicion is not proof, and without proof my position is unassailable; I am advanced too far in the work of vengeance to recede Something tells me I shall live to complete it, and then—then," he added between his clenched teeth, "let what will betide, I shall have repaid scorn for scorn, infamy for infamy."

The plans of the speaker were cleverly laid. On his return home he met the detective with his usual quiet manner; not a word or gesture betrayed that his confidence had diminished. On the contrary, it rather appeared to have increased.

"I wish to consult you," he said.

'On your wife's insanity?"

"No; the physicians have settled that affair; but the presence of her friends in Schwineberg alarms me Can you suggest no means of ridding me of them?"

Mr. Lynx appeared to reflect

"Violence is out of the question, I suppose?'

'Quite. The laws of Germany are most severe. Not even my rank and political influence would be listened to, in justification; besides, I am tired of crime."

"Most men are," thought his confidant, "when they can no longer perpetrate it with safety. Suppose——" he added aloud

"Hush," interrupted his employer. 'Not here. I cannot trust the prying eyes of servants; the very walls have ears Accompany me in my ride; we can discuss the project, if you have one, in safety."

"And the servants you spoke of?"

"My coachman does not understand a word of English."

The offer was made so naturally, and the objection met so plausibly, that the detective at once consented. He had not the slightest suspicion his interview with Mr. Quarl had been overheard As the carriage passed the city gate, the guard turned out and presented arms

"Why they treat you like a prince, Mr. Berrington," exclaimed Paul

"A compliment paid to all ambassadors."

The drive extended as far as the Alte Schloss, where the speakers were received with the most obsequious attention by the governor, whom a courier from the Countess von Schlammermacher had duly instructed.

"Is this the person, your excellency?" he added, speaking of course in German.

"Yes; but do not regard him so sternly. He must not suspect my intentions till the very last moment."

The countenance of Bonheim instantly changed.

"Who is this man?" demanded the detective

"The governor of the palace."

'Governor of the palace; he looks more like the head jailor of a prison. What did he say?"

"He bids you welcome to the Alte Schloss."

"Well," said Lynx deliberately, "it did not sound much like a welcome; but German is a queer language. I should never learn it."

"With time" said Mr. Berrington.

Refreshments were prepared in the governor's appartment and so courteous were the looks and invitations to partake of them, that the intended prisoner felt all uneasiness vanish. pronounced the fierce-whiskered German a devilish good fellow, slapped him familiarly on the back, and regretted that he could not converse with him in his own tongue.

Little did he imagine that Bonheim. who as a young officer had served in the Hessian Legion in the pay of England, understood every word they said.

At last the carriage drove up to the gate of the fortess.

"Time to go," said Lynx, "but hope to see you again."

"We shall very often meet," replied the governor.

"Why you can speak English,"

"A little."

Four soldiers marched into the room.

"Conduct this man to his cell," said Bonheim.

The detective did not understand the words, but there was no mistaking the nature of the order. Two of the men placed themselves on each side of him.

"I am sorry you cannot return with me," observed Mr. Berrington, "but you have only your own treachery to thank for being detained here a prisoner. I overheard your promise to meet the lawyer in the morning"

"Ah!"

"If you are wise, you will make no resistance; those into whose hands you have fallen are not to be trifled with. When Quarl and his client have left Schwineberg, I will see you again; but till then you must reconcile yourself to remain a prisoner."

"Is this your recompense for my services?"

"I paid you for them, and yet you would have betrayed me. Farewell."

The detective hung his head; for once he found himself outwitted.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE observations of the Hon. Edward Berrington set the Countess von Schlammermacher thinking. From their tone it was evident that the astute diplomat was far from sharing her impression of the meekness and simplicity of the grand duchess, and she very naturally asked herself the question whether she had been deceived; for it would have been a fatal error, the question of the regency once settled, to have mistaken the character of her highness

The more she reflected the stronger became the conviction of the adopted sister.

"I am right," she murmured; "she has not sufficient character or strength of mind to carry on a deception for years. The Englishman has misjudged her."

To make assurance doubly sure, and exact, if possible, a bond of fate, the speaker proceeded to pay her ducal highness a visit in her own apartments, which were far from being the best in the palace. They were cold, heavily furnished, and stately; whilst her own had been fitted up with all the luxury of modern times.

"Dear Countess," said the royal lady, rising to receive her, "how kind of you to come. You must be dreadfully fatigued with your incessant watching."

The countess admitted that she was fatigued.

"And how is Ernest?"

"His highness is very much better," replied the mistress. "For the moment all danger has passed, but it is the future we must guard against."

"You will advise him?"

"The duke is impatient of advice."

"Not from you, my love. But are you quite sure the danger is over? Neither myself nor children will ever be able to pay you for your devotion."

"Her own excellent heart must do that," observed the aged Grafine von Lenengen, the speaker's principal maid of honor.

"True," said her mistress, "true."

The countess expressed a wish to consult with her highness in private.

"In private!" repeated her highness nervously. "You may speak before Lenengen. I have no secrets from her. Have I?"

The aged Grafine curtsied assent.

"It must be in private Affairs of state."

The maid of honor, making a second reverence, far more profound to the speaker than to the sovereign, whose person it was her duty to wait on, quietly quitted the apartment

"An excellent woman," observed the countess, gratified by the homage to her vanity and love of power.

"And so faithful."

"I can believe it"

"Although her salary is nine months in arrear"s

"It shall be seen to," said the visitor. "But we have something more important to discuss than the merits of the Grafine. Has it ever occurred to your highness to ask yourself the question what would be the position of the government should Providence afflict his subjects by the loss of their master?"

"Oh! don't speak of such a dreadful thing!"

"It must be spoken and thought of—thought maturely. As a wife and mother, the question must have presented itself to your mind."

The duchess reluctantly admitted that it had, but as something so dreadful she had invariably used every effort to dismiss it.

"Still, my question is unanswered"

"Well," said her highness, "my son would succeed his father."

"He is a minor," observed the visitor.

"Yes; I understand. Oh, my poor head. It is really very cruel of you. Countess, to distress me with these terrible suggestions. Someone, I suppose, would be appointed regent"

And as if overcome with the contemplation of the contingency, and the effort to make up her mind to speak of it, the royal lady sank back in her cushioned chair

"And whom would the nomination fall on?" asked the adopted sister, eyeing her sharply.

"How can I possibly tell?" replied the duchess, in a tone of childish helplessness. "The grand duke knows best. It rests with him."

"Prince Karl?"

"Oh, yes! I suppose so."

"Or yourself!"

"My dear countess," said the duchess, laying her hand upon her arm, as if to give weight to her words "my husband must not think of such a thing. If he entertain the idea, use your influence to induce him to change it. What do I know about state affairs? The very sight of the ministers when they come with reports gives me a headache, and I invariably get out of the way. Had I your talents! Dear me, how stupid I am not to have thought of it before: you would be the very person."

"Your highness must know that such a dream would be impossible. The country would not accept it."

"It is very ungrateful then."

"Neither would the courts of Germany acknowledge me."

"Well, I suppose not, as you are not of a royal house."

"You must exert your energies," continued the female politician, "for the sake of your country, your friends, and children. Prince Karl is your enemy!"

"I never offended him."

'So is he mine."

"Dear Countess, that must be impossible. Who could be an enemy to you?"

'He thinks," continued the lady, without noticing the compliment, "that I have used my influence with his brother to keep him from all participation in the affairs of state. He is ambitious! Revengeful! What would be *our* fate should the regency fall upon him?'

"My position would at least be secure," observed the duchess. "That is unassailable—as the widow of the grand duke and mother of his sovereign."

"*A minor*," interrupted the countess, "and he the next heir to the throne."

"You terrify me!" exclaimed her highness. "Oh, that Ernest would change his mode of living; avoid those fearful excesses. Don't you think a course of mineral waters might reclaim him?"

"Childish and weak," thought the adopted sister, who would have felt amused, but for the importance of the crisis, in the speaker's faith in mineral waters exercising any moral influence over the animal nature of the duke.

"You must accept the regency," she added aloud.

"Your words would terrify me were I not aware that Ernest knows my incompetency for the task. He will never consent to such a step, and I am saved."

"He will consent to it."

"Never! never!"

"And you will accept."

"Consider my weakness."

"It may be strengthened."

"My ignorance of affairs."

"A clever councillor may supply the place of experience."

"Why are not you grand duchess?"

The Countess von Schlammermacher had often asked herself the same question. But even had the hand of the sovereign been free, such a marriage would have been impossible in a legal sense. The States of Germany, faithful to the traditions of their respective courts, would have refused to acknowledge her. The last Margrave of Anspach only secured a partial recognition of his wife's rank although he married the daughter and widow of an English peer, by selling his dominions to Prussia, whose pious king created her Princess Berkley, and gave the lady a bond for thirty thousand pounds, the price no doubt, of her favoring the cession, which his majesty, with his usual loyalty, forgot to pay.

The Margravine resided many years in England, but Queen Charlotte never would receive her.

As it is not our purpose to occupy the time of our readers by dwelling too long on the politics of the little state of Schwineberg any further than she affects the progress of our story, we shall for the present dismiss

he subject, merely observing that as soon as the grand duke was sufficiently recovered to attend to the affairs of state, the influence of his adopted sister provided a settlement of the long-pending question of the regency.

The duchess was appointed.

"You must assist me," observed her highness, when the countess informed her of the decision, "for I can do nothing without you."

The lady promised.

"And pray that the necessity for my exercising the regency may never occur."

Could the lady have taken a peep into futurity, she would have done so long and earnestly.

We must now return to the more important personages of our history.

Miss Gurtha Bouchier, accompanied by Dr. Bray and the lawyer, who shrewdly guessed the means by which the detective had been prevented from keeping his appointment, waited upon Mr. Berrington, and requested an interview with his wife.

They were politely but firmly refused.

"My relationship," urged the lady.

"Has been too recently remembered," observed the husband, "to give you a claim. The subject is a very painful one. For years my sister and myself have watched the growth of Clara's malady. The presence of strangers increases it, and time, quiet, and seclusion are our only hope."

"Mrs. Berrington is not mad," exclaimed the doctor indignantly. "The last time I conversed with her, her intellect was as clear and unclouded as your own."

"The cunning of disease."

"Of those who are interested in making it appear so," replied the gentleman.

"Have you seen the certificate?"

"Pish! we know how they might be obtained."

"And what motive?"

"That," said Mr. Quarl, "Is best known to your own heart. During your residence at Wraycourt it was whispered in the country that the lady was unkindly treated, and I warn you that steps will be immediately be taken to induce the chancellor to issue a commission."

"My life and reputation," answered the diplomat, assuming an air of insulted integrity, "is my best answer to all such insinuations. If my domestic unhappiness is to be made public, the theme of comment and discourse, I must bear the mortification as I best may. The result will justify me."

"Don't be too sure of that," observed Miss Bouchier, greatly excited. "There is something in your conduct to my cousin dark and mysterious—and mystery implies crime. The report of her child's death ——"

"I am the legal guardian of my son."

"At present."

The words "at present" implied a threat dangerous to the diplomat's long-cherished scheme of vengeance.

"We have proof that he lives."

"Very possibly," replied the gentleman, without losing his self-possession; "and I have proof of his mother's insanity quite sufficient to justify me in separating them. I am armed at all points—armed in my integrity, and can defy the malice of open or concealed enemies."

"I am an open one!" exclaimed the aged spinster.

Mr. Berrington bowed.

"And I another," added Dr. Bray.

"Candid indeed. And you, sir?"

This was addressed to Mr. Quarl.

"I am a lawyer," replied the gentleman, "have studied in the same school as yourself, and make no imprudent or unnecessary admissions. My duty is at present to watch. Let me warn you," he continued, "against a vain confidence. There is a secret in every life, and yours I am determined to find out. It is true you have defeated my first move, and possibly may do so with the second one. Experience is not always infallible; but beware of the third. You will find me equally as pitiless as yourself."

Although the secret crime which had tainted the existence of the murderer was not directly hinted at, the guilty man changed color.

Unable to produce the least impression on his iron resolution, the visitors quitted the house, and the same day took their departure for England.

"It is done; the battle must be fought," observed Quarl.

"Spare not money," said Miss Bouchier.

"A somewhat dangerous recommendation to a lawyer," observed the gentleman, with a smile.

"Not to an honest one," replied the lady. "I cannot express the indignation I feel at the heartless conduct of this man. But for her father's poverty, Clara could never have married him, and for that poverty I hold myself partly accountable. I shall not die happy unless I am permitted to atone for it."

No sooner did Mr. Berrington hear of the departure of his wife's friends than he sat down and wrote a long letter to his lawyer, informing him of the insanity of Clara. He pretended to lament in the most affectionate terms, directing him to watch the proceedings of her relative, whom he described as a warm-hearted, but weak woman—a woman easily imposed upon.

"They threaten a commission from the chancellor," he said, "to inquire into the state of Mrs. Berrington's mind. Alas! it is but too clear that it is diseased. I wish, if possible, to avoid the painful publicity of such a step. Of course I have no other motive. Oppose this, if possible; and that you may do so, I forward you the certificates of the most eminent of the faculty in Schwineberg. Keep me informed," he added, "of every step as they proceed."

Before sending it, he read it to his sister.

"You are right, Edward, quite right. It is enough to endure the misery of disgrace without blazoning our misfortune to the world."

"Should the chancellor——"

"Even that danger may be met."

"How?"

"The physicians are devoted to us," answered the lady significantly. "I rather wish his lordship may take the step you dread. There is not an English resident in Schwineberg who will not depose to the eccentricity of your wife; for the rest, leave it with me."

"There must be no——"

"Hush!" interrupted Elizabeth; "do you think I am so imprudent as to contemplate a crime! No; however merited her punishment, my ideas of private justice do not extend to that. Only a fool or a madman," she added, "could contemplate such a thing."

Her brother turned exceedingly pale.

"What is the matter, Edward? Heavens! how you change!"

"Nothing—one of my old spasms. It is gone."

It was not the first time Elizabeth Berrington had seen the color fly from the cheek of the guilty man, noticed his sudden starts and looks of terror. Much that occurred at Wraycourt gave her subject for reflection. Still, she was far, very far from suspecting the fearful truth.

Had her brother placed confidence in her—that is to say, perfect, unlimited confidence, the probabilities are that the unprincipled woman would so far have forgotten her hatred to her unoffending sister in law as to have advised a different course of conduct. Not that she would have confessed her own cruel deception. No amount of remorse could, we think, have induced her to acknowledge that. She had too much of his dogged obstinacy for that, without the justification of his suspicions. For she knew Clara to be innocent.

On the arrival of Charles Harbert, the newly appointed secretary of legation, the functions of Percy Murray, to the great satisfaction of Mr Berrington and his sister, ceased. He was no longer a diplomatic personage, but reduced to the condition of a private gentleman.

Deeply as he felt the removal, and conscious as he was of the influence that had procured it, the minister not naturally looked for some slight ebullition of feeling on the part of the ex-diplomat, but was mistaken. Nothing could exceed the bland courtesy with which he resigned the official seal to his successor, informed him of the duties of the chancellerie, and having shaken him by the hand wished him success in his new office.

"Thank you," replied the young gentleman. "but I don't think I shall remain long in Schwineberg. Don't like it—too dull."

"Excellent society."

"Where?" demanded the youth.

Percy Murray enumerated the principal English residents.

"The same story—the same old set," observed his successor. "I have known a dozen towns in Germany, and found them all alike."

"Indeed?"

"Vienna and Berlin are the only agreeable places. Munich is tolerable—too many half-pays, but still tolerable. I shall die of ennui here."

"You will find Mr. Berrington a very agreeable person," observed Percy Murray.

"Shall be delighted to be disappointed in him. He looks decidedly slow, gloomy as a man with a murder upon his conscience. As for his sister——"

"Nothing against the lady," interrupted the old gentleman.

"Didactic!" said Charles Harbert emphatically, "and I detest didactic women."

"My dear young friend," replied his predecessor, "if you will permit me to call you so, accept one piece of advice from me."

"Advice! Ah, yes; I will listen to it."

"If you wish to pass your time pleasantly in Schwineberg, do not quarrel with Miss Berrington."

"I never take unnecessary trouble," answered the young man.

"Nor with her brother."

"Unless he annoys me."

"From his position he can do so."

"My dear friend," said the new secretary, mimicking his tone, but not offensively, "permit me to observe that two can play at the game of annoyance. In fact, there are moments when I rather like the excitement. Mr. Berrington can do me no injury."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite."

"His influence,"

"Does not exceed mine. My uncle, Lord Churcham, has two boroughs, my next near relation is foreign minister. I am godson to a royal duke, and stand a devilish good chance of a peerage."

"And with these advantages you come to Schwineberg."

"My uncle has set his heart—pardon the expression; *mind* would have been equally absurd—but perhaps you know him?"

"I have not the honor."

"On seeing me an embassador. Schwineberg is the nearest cut. I am sent here merely to pass my chrysalis state."

Percy Murray's ceremonious adieu to the minister and his sister was a brief one; few words passed on either side till he announced his intention of residing in the duchy.

"Then you do not return to England?"

"No; all my ties are here. The place suits my taste and means; my friendship for yourself and charming sister."

Mr. Berrington bit his lip.

"I should have rejoiced, Mr. Murray," he observed, "at your resolution, had not your late conduct in associating with my enemies given me reason to suspect the sincerity of the friendship you speak of."

The ex-secretary drew himself up to his full height.

"Whilst minister," he said, "I owed you no explanation; the Foreign Office is the judge of my conduct; but now that is all past. How was I to know that your wife's nearest relative was your enemy? As a member of one of our oldest and best families I was civil to her."

The diplomat regarded his sister.

"When," continued the speaker, "It became unfortunately necessary, from a circumstance too painful to touch upon, to seclude Mrs. Berrington from society, I received a strong appeal to interfere. Would you like to read the letter Miss Gurtha Bouchier sent me?"

He placed it on the table.

Elizabeth eagerly read and then handed it to her brother.

"I will, myself," said Mr. Murray, "read my reply. 'As Mr. Berrington will shortly return, I regret that I cannot comply with your request. It would be indelicate to interfere in the domestic affairs of a gentleman who will soon replace me. His undoubted honor and high character are the best guarantee of the groundlessness of your suspicions.' Does that," he added, after reading the passage, "look like hostility?"

"I regret that I did not know this before," observed the diplomat.

"No apology, so that I stand exonerated in your esteem."

Mr. Berrington extended his hand, which the ex-secretary of legation shook, and they parted most cordially.

"I fear, Elizabeth," observed her brother, "we have been too hasty with Murray."

"Not so."

"You are prejudiced."

"And you, blinded by your dislike of his successor."

"An impertinent puppy. Mark my words, we shall live to regret the change. What ever could have inspired Lord Churcham with the idea of sending him here?"

"The same feeling that you have towards him, most probably," replied his sister: "a desire to get rid of him."

"Likely, very likely," said her brother.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IT was a very gay winter in Paris. The idlers of Europe and America had congregated in unusual numbers to spend their superfluous cash, for no better reason that we can divine than the fashion.

We can understand at the present day, when the capital of our Gallic neighbors is undoubtedly the most luxurious and beautiful city in the world, thanks to the extraordinary changes made by its late sovereign, the preference that all are united to accord to it. But why, at the period of our tale, it should have been selected, puzzles the understandings. Men who possessed family abodes in England, wide spreading domains, and the influence inseparable from wealth gave them up, temporarily of course, for comfortless cheerless hotels, and society too mixed to be safe. No doubt it was an anomaly, but fashion is founded upon anomalies.

Amongst the most distinguished visitors were the Earl of Rislip and his Countess, now the mother of a son nearly two years old. The child had been born during their travels in the East, and divided the affection which Lucy had lavished upon the youthful Ferdinand.

On their arrival they again met with the Charltons, and their former intimacy was renewed.

Eleanor, who was still unmarried, saw with envy the happiness of Lucy; hated her for having won the prize she once felt so sure of. To her secret annoyance his lordship still appeared unchanged in his devotion to his innocent simpleminded wife.

Had he treated her with coldness or neglect she could have forgiven him.

A woman of the world and a close observer, she was not long in detecting that on one point her former suitor did not appear quite satisfied. It was an opportunity to work mischief, and she was quite clever and unprincipled enough to use it.

Lord Rislip was a man of inordinate vanity. The world had persuaded him that he possessed mental powers far above the common order, and the conviction gratified him. He liked to be reminded of it, and hourly flattered and envied. This was the great defect in his character, the vulnerable point in his suit of armor which unfortunately Lucy ignored. She knew how to love but not to admire, and the one tribute was withheld.

It has frequently been said that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; the proverb may or may not be true, but of one thing we are quite certain, that few men pass for geniuses with their wives.

Not satisfied with being loved with all the devoted tenderness of a woman's nature, the earl sighed to be appreciated, and what was more, suffered this weakness to appear.

Eleanor Charlton took care that he should be appreciated to his heart's content. The most delicate flattery, perhaps, is a profound deference to the opinions of others, the absolute surrender of mind to mind, and this the lady seized every occasion to offer.

No wonder Lord Rislip thought her improved. Three years had enabled her intellect to make a great progress; she considered her one of the superior women of the age, a person of a strong judgement.

And so she really was; but her strength lay in detecting the weakness of his.

To most persons Miss Charlton would have appeared to be playing a most dangerous game; but in reality she ran no risk. Like a devoted angler, she liked the sport for its own sake, and cared nothing for the prey. Could her real sentiments have been known, she rather despised it.

The day after a ball at the Tuileries, one of Louis Philippe's humdrum affairs, Lady Rislip and her false friend took a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

The earl had gone to attend a scientific meeting.

"And so, my love," said the latter, "in three weeks you leave for England?

"His lordship has so decided."

"To be presented, of course?"

"I suppose so; but really I care very little about it. I have a dread of court ceremonies; but I presume it is considered a necessary tax to position and custom."

"It is necessary," observed Miss Charlton with marked emphasis upon the word; "and Rislip is to be blamed for having so long delayed it."

"My father," replied the countess, "interests himself very little about me. I don't know where he is. My brother Frank in his last letter informed me that he was supposed to be upon the Continent."

"Your brother is married, is he not?"

"Yes, most happily married if I should judge from his description and her letters, to a dear, sweet girl whom I long to embrace. I think far more of the happiness of once more meeting my dear, good brother, and make the acquaintance of his wife, than a dozen presentations."

Her companion could not avoid suspecting that there was some mystery in this indifference, and began to reflect whether or not it would be worth while to attempt to penetrate it. That any objection existed to Lucy's being received, she did not for one instant imagine, for directly after her marriage she had caused inquiries to be made, and fully satisfied herself that the conduct of Lady Rislip had been exempt from reproach; that Mr. Beacham, although a person of little consideration as far as wealth was concerned, had an unblemished reputation in the eyes of the world.

"I venture to prophesy," she observed, aloud, "that three months greatly change you."

"Never."

"My dear love, you do not know what English society actually is in the sphere you are entitled to move in. You must not judge of its attractions and tone from the odd personages one meets on the Continent. Half—more, two-thirds of our countrymen and women we met last night would not have been received at the Tuileries in the reign of the late king."

"So Rislip observed," replied Lucy; "but I cannot understand why to me they appeared perfectly well bred and unexceptionable."

A carriage, with servants in very plain livery passed them. A little, old lady, most unfashionably dressed, was the only occupant. She never raised her eyes as the dashing English equipage crossed her own unassuming turn-out.

"Do you know who that is?" inquired Miss Charlton.

"No."

"One of the noblest dames in France."

"So I presume, for I noticed a ducal coronet upon the panels."

"The Duchess de Chevreuse. Louis Philippe, his queen, and sister, would give the brightest jewels they possess to induce that plain, unpretending little personage to appear at court. It would be a triumph no sacrifice could too dearly purchase."

"Is she so powerful, then?"

"No."

"Rich?"

"Her fortune would be thought humble in England."

"One of the mysteries of Parisian society," observed Lucy. "I shall never understand it."

"Let me explain," said her companion. "The old nobility of France show their resentment of the revolution by choosing to ignore the court. In the brilliant circle you saw last night there were not half a dozen great historic names."

"And what matters," exclaimed Lady Rislip, "if the names of those who were there were of upright, good and honorable persons?"

"A very strange opinion for an English peeress."

"Why not say absurd? I am certain you think so. I sometimes feel—but you must not tell my husband this—that rank is a very troublesome incumbrance. I could not love him better than I do, but frequently feel that I could have loved him quite as well had his birth been humble as my own."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Scrap of Paper.

BY R. BELLMONT.

HERBERT BALFOUR had been brought up with great expectations. His father had been a wealthy merchant; a man who had risen from nothing, as the saying goes. He was wont to relate how he walked into the great manufacturing city with nothing in his pockets but threepence-halfpenny, an old pocket-knife, and a piece of string. With this limited capital he had started life on his own account, and a great success he had made of it. In due course he had married, and displaying in matters matrimonial the same good judgment that he had displayed in business affairs, he fixed upon as good a wife as man could desire to possess. The offspring of this union was an only son, the hero of this over-true tale.

He was the idol of his parents. If ever a boy was spoiled—by which we mean indulged—Herbert Balfour was that boy. His school days over, he at once prepared to enter upon college life. As yet it remained undecided as to what profession he should embrace.

"I am sure he would make an excellent clergyman," said Mrs. Balfour.

"Or a doctor," said Mr. Balfour.

"Imagine him at the 'art" exclaimed the enthusiastic mother.

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Neither divine, doctor or barrister became this youthful idol.

Like the generality of young people who have been brought up to have pretty nearly everything their own way, Herbert Balfour was wayward and undecided as to his future.

"There is heaps of time," he would say; "why on earth should I worry myself in arriving at any decision?"

Being able to command what money he needed, he could, he imagined, afford to go in for a profession just when it suited him or not at all, for the matter of that, unless he felt so disposed.

Of course like all young men, he had his faults; but, if the truth were known, there is little doubt that he was quite as good as, if not much better than, half those model students who cannot apparently do anything amiss.

Poor Herbert Balfour had not been at college much over twelve months when his misfortunes began.

His father was among the victims of a bank failure, and in consequence found himself a ruined man.

Addressing his wife, he said; "My dear Mary, it is not for myself that I care so much, 'tis for you and the boy. I began with nothing, and was used to rough fare from my cradle; but with you two it is different."

"Never mind, my dear," said the wife, "we shall be just as happy in poverty as in wealth; and who knows but what you may recover your position."

Now, Mrs. Balfour was very decently connected; and her people had rather turned up their noses at the idea of her having married the self made merchant.

But he having a long purse, they had borne it with Christian resignation. They had done more than this; they had borrowed with charming willingness from "the person in trade," who had become a family connection.

Ruin having fallen upon her husband, Mrs Balfour appealed to her grand relatives. The only result was the repayment of a small amount of the money which had been formerly lent to them by Mr. Balfour.

In consequence of this, the once wealthy merchant was left to battle against misfortune, comparatively speaking, unaided. The struggle continued for a period of two years, when death came to the good old man's assistance, not by way of calling anyone to his last account who had left him any money, but by tapping Mr. Balfour himself upon the shoulder, and so for ever closing his eyes to the trials and sorrows of this mundane existence.

A few months later, and his wife also laid down her burden, leaving Herbert an impecunious orphan.

There was but one person in the world who took the smallest interest in the young man's fate, and that was a well to-do paternal uncle, possessed of a remunerative business.

He gave Herbert Balfour a clerkship in his counting-house, and paid him a small salary. Out of this the once well to-do youth had to find himself in everything.

His uncle treated him as he treated the other clerks, both in business hours and out of business hours—in short, he behaved toward him as though there existed no relationship between them whatever.

So matters went on for two years, at the expiration of which Herbert Balfour took unto himself a wife, his salary having been raised slightly.

His wife was the daughter of a trades man.

Not long after his marriage, he heard of a vacancy in a city merchant's office, where a higher salary was offered.

Like a sensible fellow he applied for it, and was lucky enough to be engaged.

Herbert Balfour, with his good wife and their little baby boy, arrived in town. For six years he remained with his new employer. Happy years were they too, in spite of the very humble way in which he was compelled to live. His good wife and his little ones made a perfect heaven of home.

But misfortune had not yet played her worst tricks upon the hero of this story.

His good hearted and even-considerate employer died, and the business passed into other and less pleasant hands.

The old staff of clerks, with two exceptions, was dismissed, and Herbert Balfour had to look out for another situation. Times were bad and the task was a difficult one to find employment.

As one can easily imagine, he had not saved much with four children and a wife to provide for.

Pens were as he would, he could not obtain a fresh opening, and things became as bad as they well could be with him.

Through all the misery that poverty brought with it Herbert Balfour had in his beloved wife a comforter of whom he might justly be proud. Indeed, had it not been for her, Heaven only knows how far desperation might not have driven him. Probably it would have been the old, old story over again; then a plunge in the darkness of night into the river.

For days nothing passed the lips of any among the poverty-stricken family but dry bread. Butter became an unknown luxury. Their only shelter was a garret in a dark lane.

Yes it had become as bad as that. Heaven help them!

Entering a small baker's shop in the vicinity of his lodgings, Herbert Balfour was induced to confide his troubles to the good hearted proprietor, who offered him a small sum for going through his books, which had been long neglected.

"If you give me satisfaction," said the sympathetic man of flour, "I shall be willing to recommend you to my fellow tradesmen, and perhaps the trifling job I give you may lead to something better."

Herbert thanked the baker with extreme gratitude, and straightway applied himself to the accounts in question. When the job was completed he received prompt payment, which amounted to something considerable.

Making his way homewards through the dull November evening with his welcome earnings in his pocket, he resolved to give his wife and family a treat; he determined upon purchasing a quarter pound of butter.

He entered the wretched garret that now constituted his home with a smile upon his wan face such as had not been seen there for months past.

"Mary my dear," he said, "I have brought you and the little ones a luxury for supper."

"A luxury, dear?" answered his wife in a tone of incredulity.

"Ay! a luxury."

"Some fried fish?"

"No."

"A pot of dripping?"

"No."

"What then," she asked.

"A quarter of a pound of fresh butter, Mary!"

Placing on the table the two half loaves he had been carrying, he drew from his pocket the luxury in question, carefully wrapped in a fragment of a daily paper.

Ah, with what pleasure did the half starved father cut substantial and satisfying slices of the humble, but much needed fare. And with what still greater pleasure did he see the hungry mouths he loved so well busily devouring the staff of life.

"But you have not left yourself any butter; you are eating a dry crust," observed Mrs Balfour.

"I—I really prefer it," apologized Herbert.

"I'll not eat another mouthful," expostulated his wife, "unless——"

"All right, my dear, all right," interrupted Herbert. "There is quite enough left for me here."

So saying he commenced scraping the remnants of the butter that remained upon the scrap of paper in which he had carried it home.

"See!" he observed, scraping away with such diligence that the scrap of paper was as readable as when it came from the printers' hands. "See! I have not wasted an atom."

While thus engaged his eye was attracted by the printed matter, which his energies rendered so clear. To his utter astonishment he read his own name contained in the advertisement. "To the next of kin," printed on the fragment of the paper, which had served as a wrapper for the quarter of a pound of butter.

On making the necessary inquiries he found that he had come into a very comfortable fortune.

Herbert Balfour's trials through the pressure of poverty were over for ever, and now he is a happy and wealthy man; and doubtless all the better and happier for the struggles which averse fortune for a time brought upon him.

Misfortune never harms a man spiritually if he only bears it bravely and trusts in Providence.

OLD TIME PUNISHMENTS.—From the many references to the ducking-stool in the ancient records of many boroughs, we have ample proof that at an earlier period this curious mode of punishment was the common instrument of justice for scolds and incorrigible women—a practice, indeed, which continued till within the last century. That this cold water cure had a wholesome effect upon unruly women is agreed by most of the old writers who mention it. The popularity, too, of the punishment is further shown by the fact that corporate bodies were required to furnish themselves with a ducking stool, just as they are now forced to provide and maintain fire engines. Various specimens of these instruments of correction are still in existence, preserved in museums. The term cucking stool is sometimes applied to the ducking-stool—the resemblance of the names having apparently led to an idea that they meant the same thing. A learned writer on the subject, however, has pointed out that the cucking stool were specially used for the exposure of flagitious women "at their own doors, or in some other public place," as a means of putting upon them the last degree of ignominy. Again, in days gone by the "ducking-pond" was a common adjunct to any place where a number of habitations were collected together, and was in general use for the summary punishment of petty offenders of various descriptions. The ducking pond for the western part of London occupied the site of part of Trafalgar square, and was very celebrated in the annals of the London mob. Another mode of punishment, which was formerly carried to a cruel extent, was the whipping of vagrants and those guilty of slight offences. By an act passed in the time of Henry VIII., beggars found wandering about seeking their subsistence from the alms of the benevolent were to be "carried to some market town, or other place, and there tied to the end of a cart naked, and beaten with whips throughout such market town or other place till the body should be bloody by reason of such whipping." In the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, however, this act was slightly mitigated, and "vagrants were only to be stripped naked from the middle upward, and whipped till the body should be bloody." Entries in some old church registers remain as witnesses of the operation of this law. About the year 1598 whipping-posts came into use. The "pilliwinkles" was a mode of torture formerly used in Scotland for suspected witches; and that horrible practice of "pressing to death" was in force within the last two centuries.

NEATNESS IN WOMAN.—A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes tumbling about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband, he will turn out in all probability, either an idle fool or drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk, and act like sensible, honest girls, is the special task of mothers, and in all ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Household work is often drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.

M. S.

The latest craze which has seized the King of Bavaria is a dislike to seeing anybody. His Ministers hide themselves behind screens while they read their reports to him, and to witness his signature they peep round the corner.

Scientific and Useful.

OILED PAPER.—Brush sheets of paper over with "boiled oil," and suspend them on a line until dry. Waterproof. Employed to tie over pots and jars, and to wrap up paste, blacking, etc.

STRAW BLEACHING.—Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed in pure water, into a box with burning sulphur; the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

GLUE, FIRE AND WATER PROOF.—Boil a handful of powdered quick lime in four ounces of linseed oil; boil it thick, and spread it on tin plates in the shade, and it will become very hard; it is easily dissolved over a slow fire.

IMITATION OF IVORY.—Make isinglass and brandy into a paste, with powdered egg-shells very finely ground. You may give it what color you please; but cast it warm into your mould, which you previously oil over. Leave the figure in the mould till dry, and you will find, on taking it out, that it bears a very strong resemblance to ivory.

PICTURES ON SILK.—A very simple process is in use by which colored pictures may be applied to silk so perfectly that the ornamentation is mistaken for hand-painting. The pictures of flowers, fruits and other objects are printed in oil colors on specially prepared paper, and can be arranged in designs to suit one's fancy. They are transferred by simply moistening the back of the picture with water and pressing it on with a hot iron. This decoration is so much easier done than hand-painting that ladies are using it for ornamenting the panels, collars, pockets and sashes of dresses.

LACQUERING.—This is done in two ways, called cold lacquering and hot lacquering. By the former, a little lacquer being taken on the brush, which should be a common camel-hair varnish one, it is laid carefully and evenly over the work, which is then placed in an oven, or on a hot stove; the heat from this continued only a minute or two is sufficient to set the lacquer, and the work is finished. By the second method, the work is heated first to about the heat of a flat-iron as used by the laundress, and the lacquer quickly brushed over it in this state, the work being subjected to the oven for a minute or not, according to the judgment and pleasure of the lacquerer.

LAMP CHIMNEYS, ETC.—A foreign journal, which makes a specialty of matters relating to glass, gives a method which it asserts will prevent lamp chimneys from cracking. The treatment will not only render lamp chimneys, tumblers, and like articles more durable, but may be applied with advantage to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The chimneys, tumblers, etc., are put into a pot filled with cold water, to which some common table salt has been added. The water is well boiled over a fire, and then allowed to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will be found to resist afterward any sudden changes of temperature. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the cooling part of it is conducted the more effective will be the work.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—Coal ashes are useful for mulching young trees and bushes. They prevent the soil from drying out, and keep down grass and weeds. A simple and effective remedy for flies on cattle is to give them a thorough dusting over with wood ashes every other day, brushing them clean the following day.

TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET.—Sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing soap-suds. Each morning take it out of the suds and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will bloom as freshly as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days. This method will keep a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.—Nothing speaks more favorably of a farmer's temper and self-control than to see him surrounded by animals which like him. Farm hands should never be allowed to yell and scold at cows, horses or any other beasts; much less to ill-treat or whip them into obedience. With slow and gentle movement, a decided but mild voice, and above all, a never failing patience all living beings are much better controlled than by harsh and despotic treatment.

INFLUENCE OF TREES.—From observations made during nearly 30 years in a forest in the Jura, it appears that when light strikes the ground without having been sifted by foliage, it stimulates the production of useful acids in the soil; that the growth of wood is diminished when the underbrush is so thick and tall as to impede the passage of sunlight to the soil, and its reflex action on the branches of the trees; and that mold in too great a thickness becomes inert, and thus remains many years, as in the case with farm-yard manure, when too deeply buried.

A NOVEL HOUSE PLANT.—The common cranberry is a most attractive plant when properly cultivated in pots, and can endure a great deal of neglect which would be fatal to other plants. It only needs to be kept cool and moist. A compost of muck and sand is the proper material for potting it in. Although usually regarded as aquatic in its nature, it will not do to have the soil saturated with water. What it requires, is that water shall be within reach of its roots, and that the soil shall be one through which water can rise readily by capillary attraction.

FATTENING SWINE.—When hogs are being fattened in pens there should always be two apartments, the one for feeding and the other for sleeping in. The one should be cleaned daily, and the other kept well littered with straw, and the straw renewed as often as the nest becomes very dirty. When first penned, mix with the feed of each hog at least three or four times a week a teaspoonful of pulverised copperas. Feed regularly three times daily. A rubbing post in the inclosure will be of advantage. Also place in a trough under shelter a mixture of rotten wood, pulverized charcoal, ashes and salt. These methods or an open range are indispensable to the good health of the herd.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

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Dear Post:—I received the Diamante Ring to-day thanks! It is the prettiest ring I ever saw. I am delighted with it.

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St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 18, 1881.

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G. L. W.,

Jolly, Ohio, Feby. 28, '81.

"Saturday Evening Post:"—Your new Premium came duly to hand, and I am highly pleased with it; it is certainly well worth $2, or even more. I consider your paper one of the best published. It is worth more than $2, and should be in every family.
Dr. G. W.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 24, 1881.

The ring and stud came promptly to hand. They are all and more than I expected. Enclosed find draft for which please send me the earrings.

Yours, R. P.

West Farms, N. Y., March 2, '81.

Messrs. Editors:—I received, in good condition the package containing the Premium. I am greatly pleased with it. Many thanks. I will do all I can to promote the advancement of your paper, which is an old friend to me. Respectfully yours,
M. A. T.

Feb 23 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have received to-day my Premium ring, and am very much pleased with it. It exceeds my expectations. I wish to get the other Premiums if I can get up a club; or, failing in that, will you sell me either of the other at advertised rates? If so, let me know at once. I consider my ring a very handsome premium, and herewith send thanks for same.

Respectfully,
Bennettsville, S. C. Mrs. E. A.

St. Louis, Feby, 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The ring arrived to-day. I desire to say it is well worth the money, to say nothing about the paper. I will do all in my power to get my friends to subscribe.

Yours truly,
P. O. Box 2128, St. Louis, Mo. W. L. W.

Woonsocket, R. I., Feby. 22, '81.

Gents:—The ring came to hand on the 18th, a very fine ring—a suitable gift, a gorgeous Premium.

Yours, etc.,
W. C. J.

Westerly, R. I., Feb., 27

I received my premium yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. I had no idea it was near so beautiful. Several of my acquaintances will not believe it is not a real diamond.

R. I. F.

Williamstown, N. J., Feb. 26, 1881.

Dear Sir,—The ring which I have just got is a beauty. I am delighted and the paper is just splendid. I am very much pleased with both. I am going to have the earrings.

Yours truly, Emily I. L.

Byesville, O., Feb. 24, 1881.

Gentlemen,—Stud is splendid and spark as like a star. I never saw anything handsomer in the way of jewelry. The paper, which I used to take years ago, seems to me better than ever. With best wishes for your health and prosperity, I am

Very respectfully yours, A. B. J. B.

These are a few of the many compliments to our new Premiums. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants. Similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5 to $15 each. Please remember Diamante Brilliants are all set in solid gold (neither rolled or plated), and they are intrinsically worth more than any Premium ever offered. Order at once, and be convinced.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WHEN WE ARE DEAD.

THERE will be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are robed for the grave. Fewer, probably than we now suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over estimate it. Out of a small circle, how soon we shall be forgotten! A single leaf in a boundless forest has fallen! That is all.

The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the great machinery will be ungeared when we are gone. But the world goes clattering on as if nothing had happened. The world will be a bustling, active world without us. It was so before we entered it. It will be so when we are gone.

When we are dead, affection may erect a monument. But the hand that sets it up will soon be as powerless as ours, and for the same cause. How soon they that weep over us will follow us! The monument itself will crumble. Men will give a glance at the name of one they never knew, and pass on, with not a thought of the slumberer below.

When we are dead our influence will not be dead. We leave epitaphs upon indestructible materials. Our manner of life has been writing them. We have pressed the stamp of our character into the warm wax of the sensibilities around us. Footsteps toward immortality have been well guided or misdirected by us. Our places of business, our social resorts, may know us no more; but living accountable beings feel the influence that survives our personal departure.

When we are dead, some will think of us. Perhaps not a large circle. And what will they think? Our present course of life is furnishing them themes of thought. Coldness and indifference to the kingdom and glory of God—of that will our survivors think, if it marked our characters. And in sadness will those that truly love ponder it. And thoughts, how many, and how comforting, will rise amid the pangs of real sorrow over our departure, if we had shown forth the praises of glory and virtue. Think, into which of these channels you are likely to turn the thought of ———.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A VIRGINIA journal says no twelve men can be found in South Carolina who would declare a homicide by duel murder.

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RUSSIAN immigrants have domesticated in Minnesota the brick-lined porcelain stove which every one who has been in Germany associates with his residence there, and remembers kindly for the even and healthful heat which it diffuses, if not for its cheerful aspect. Since these stoves are air-tight, and hence economize fuel, their introduction in regions where coal and wood are scarce is a matter of importance. It has been found that prairie hay serves to produce a comfortable heat when burned in these stoves, and machinery for compressing it has been put on the market.

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THE Boers, of South Africa as the British have learned, like our own Revolutionary ancestors, are splendid, not to say deadly, shots, and no wonder. From earliest childhood they are practised with rifle and gun; their every day sport is to shoot at moving objects and running game. They are prepared to pay any price for a good weapon. The Boer is, in his way, a good modern reproduction of the old-fashioned dragoon, using his horse as a means of rapid transfer from point to point, and dismounting to fire when required. Once more an old military Power is being taught a rough lesson by a despised and presumably inexperienced foe.

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THE Japanese are advancing so rapidly in the principles of Western civilization that it is hard to keep up with the changes introduced in the Mikado's empire. Hitherto prejudice has forbidden to women almost every kind of work, but several of the principal manufacturers are now experimenting with female employes. Thus far the result is considered favorable. The work done by women compares so well in quality with that done by men, that several new cloth factories are about to be built exclusively for the employment of women. The worst feature of the case is that the women are kept at work twelve hours in the day without intermission; but intelligent capitalists may be expected to detect soon the disadvantages of overwork.

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A PROMINENT scholar has been lecturing in London on the minstrels known as the Troubadours. They were not, he said, the milksops and weakly sentimentalists that they are often thought to have been, striking the light guitar beneath the casements of fair ladies, and thinking of nothing but the eyes and lips of the beauties they sang of. On the contrary they were very much concerned with the affairs of their country, the South of France, the old Provincia of the Romans, and the Provence of later times. Yet the tender passion played a very prominent part both in their lives and in their lyrics. By far the larger part of the fifty-seven known to us belonged to the nobility, though not in most cases to the highest aristocracy. They were eagerly welcomed as courtier-guests at the palaces of princes, but they were naturally a roving tribe, ever in search of new lands and new loves. The reward most prized by the minstrel was the favor of ladies. The Provencial lady of the twelfth or thirteenth century existed mainly for the purpose of ornament. It was her choice and her duty to wield in a society only just emerging from barbarism the softening influence to which we owed the phenomenon of a highly-finished literature and of an astonishing degree of social refinement at the very outset of the mediæval times. Whether this result was altogether unworthy of woman's mission in the history of civilization graver judges must decide.

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VIENNA has several places of refuge for the destitute, called "warming rooms," where all persons who are in need, without distinction, are allowed to sit and make themselves comfortable, and are given soup, coffee, or tea, with bread, free of charge. No inquiries are made as to their character or calling. It is sufficient that they say they are cold and hungry. If they prefer it, they receive hot grog. Capacious stoves warm these places, benches run along the walls, and newspapers are provided, but mainly on account of their advertisements of help wanted. The food and drink are given to each person twice every day, and at night those who need lodgings, which is not the case with all who apply for warmth and nutriment, are enabled to sleep there. The experiment has proved so satisfactory that another place of the same kind is about to be opened large enough to accommodate 300 persons. Since December 640,736 persons were assisted at these places with food, lodging, or otherwise, and between the 15th of December and January 21 not a single instance of suicide traceable to poverty was reported, although self-murder for that cause was not infrequent before.

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ON the subject of "night air" a leading scientist writes thus of old and new ideas: "Beware of the night-wind; be sure and close your windows after dark!" In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the stagnant and offensive atmosphere of your bedroom. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to sewerage. Is night-air injurious? Is there a single tenable pretext for such an idea? Since the day of creation that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals,—tender, delicate creatures, some of them fawns, lambs, and young birds. The moist night-air of the tropical forests is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the anthropoid apes—the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close though generally well-warmed atmosphere in our northern menageries. Thousands of soldiers, hunters, and lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; men in the last stage of consumption recovered by adopting a semi-savage mode of life, and camping out-doors in all but the stormiest nights. It is the draugh you fear or the contrast of your temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad conductors seem to thrive under such influences. Draught? Have you never seen boys skating in the teeth of a snow-storm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? "They counteract the effect of the cold air by vigorous exercise." Is there no other way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motionless in her sleigh, or the pilot and helmsman of a storm-tossed vessel? It can not be the inclemency of the open air, for, even in sweltering summer nights, the sweet south wind, blessed by all creatures that draw a breath of life brings no relief to the victim afraid of air. There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the curse of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the airiest highland of the southern Apennines.

TRUE PRAYER

BY L. W. M.

You lift your hands, and pray to God for grace
To tread down Satan underneath your feet
When a fierce struggle with him comes: you cheat
Yourself with hopes that now, that for a space,
You may be noble where your life was base
Have strength bestowed by God, whom you despised,
Obtain that mercy which you never prized
And overcome a foe you dared not face
Ah, fool and blind! can you not yet perceive
How equity is found in all God's ways?
Thou shrinking, burdened one, He will not raise
The load you do not strain at. This believe:
That prayer is weak when born of present need;
It should be life-long, shaping word and deed.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED.)

ROSALIE gradually lifted her head from the pillow. All was still and solitary. Not a sound of a human voice, not the shadow of any object that could excite alarm, met her view. There was no time for hesitation. One minute too soon, or one minute too late, would ruin her design. She sprang from the bed. There was no trace of hesitation now; her resolution was at once promptly carried into effect. The clothes that had been thrown on the floor in her hurried toilette of the previous night, or rather morning, had been hastily gathered up and arranged by the precise Bridget. Rosalie found them ready to her hand, as if placed on purpose to further design by the worthy housemaid.and put them on as rapidly as possible.

In less than five minutes Rosalie Norman stood fully dressed and prepared for her purpose. The cloak and hat that hung on the pegs in the adjoining closet were soon added to the usual toilette; and then the girl, pale and shivering with agitation and excitement, prepared for the most arduous part of her project. She lightly tried both doors of the chamber; but the keys had been carefully turned by her attendant. The emergency was not expected, and in another moment she sprang lightly on to the window ledge. The casement gave way to her fingers.

> The wall was too steep,
> And the bottom too deep,

to excite Bridget's alarm, had her patient been left for hours in the apartment unattended. But who can guard against resolute desperation?

Rosalie opened the window, gazed out, then sprang back into the room, opened a drawer and took from it a long, thick cord, which she tied round her waist, and attached to the iron of the window casement. Then stepping out on the sill, fearlessly, and regardless of the fearful height, and lowered herself from its support, and, clinging to the thick pipes, and broken fragments of the buttresses, and descended slowly and gradually down the wall, till she lighted on the top of a buttress immediately fronting the suite of apartments formerly occupied by Lady Cecily. From this she could spring easily to the ground, after carefully divesting herself of the cord; and then flying, rather than running along the garden that had once been Lady Cecily especial care, she passed through a low gate and through the thick wood that led to the very edge of the cliff. The passage was dangerous, for the path ran so near to the edge of that high cliff, that any one not acquainted with its winding would certainly have been dashed to pieces down the steep declivity; but Rosalie's firm step, light and agile as a deer's, did not fail her, and she came to a spot where she could, as she believed, lower herself to the broad sea sands. Her good fate befriended her. She had just light enough to see that there was far greater space than she needed.

Rosalie began her descent, more perilous, perhaps, than that from her Castle chamber; but she thought not of this; cared not for this; her only aim and desire was to escape from the terrible countess and the horrible Castle of St. Clair.

In those lonely hours the mind and heart of the girl had undergone a strange discipline. The love she had once cherished, or rather the infatuation that had carried her on to guilt and misery, was gone, and in its stead a genuine, stern revengeful hatred possessed her,—not the jealous hate that is near akin to love, not the frenzy that at once punishes and adores the once-loved one, but a stern, cold, repugnant hate, that appreciates as it deserves the qualities of the object that once fascinated it; and more than that, the image of one, fair and lovely and innocent, had risen up before the wretched girl,—of one whom she had served and betrayed,—of one to whom had she been firm and true, much misery to herself and others might have been spared. Death, ruin, remorse—hopeless despairing remorse had followed in the train of that one fatal yielding to the tempter.

Rosalie's brain burned, and her frame shivered with the hideous memories that had passed before her during that long wretched day. No wonder that her starts, her mutterings, her wild looks had justified Dr. Fitzpatrick's dictum, "The poor girl is seized with temporary insanity."

But the physician's visit and the whispers of Bridget had all tended to change the wild delirium into a more fixed despair, that had again resolved itself into a strong, and even noble purpose; and in that perilous, difficult descent, all brief and rapid as it was, the girl thought of nothing but the one stern determined purpose of her heart. And either the courage, or the true unselfish will availed, for she made the descent in safety, and stood safe, but weak and panting, on the sands.

She stood for a moment in the moonlight, her heart throbbing wildly from the rapid pace, the alarm, and the exhaustion she had suffered. There were some rough blocks of rock near her. How could she escape? The boatmen near the Castle knew her too well to be safely trusted where secrecy was an object. They would suspect and betray so unwonted proceeding even were they to yield to the entreaties and bribes she could offer.

Rosalie paused, and thought for some minutes in deep perplexity. Then a scheme occurred to her that only needed courage and strength to carry out. She sprang up from temporary resting-place, and clambering with difficulty over the rocks that blocked up the point of the cliff, she walked on once more with unbated speed to the ruin of St. Helen's church.

As Rosalie drew near the consecrated ruin, a sort of shivering terror came over her, which her more real and tangible danger had not inspired. The old tower looked white and ghostlight in the pale moonlight.

The girl stopped to gaze, with the sort of fascination that is sometimes felt in a moment of terror and danger. She thought she could see some dark object lying in the cleft of that worn rock. It might be only a stone; but her imagination was so wrought up, her brain so feverishly excited, that she fancied strange, unnatural forms and startling objects in even the most ordinary shapes. Hurried, alarmed, faint and weary as she was, intent only on reaching her destination, she yet paused to look at the strange object, that yet might be only the most common seaside waif. She approached it. As she came nearer her impression did not change. The mouldy surface was that of a large book, like those used in the churches of the district. The girl touched it. It was damp and cold, and thick with green sea-weed and mould; but still the feverish excitement in her mind would not allow her to leave it where it was, washed up by the waves. She lifted it, and placed it under her cloak as she went on her way.

It was not much farther that the girl had to go ere she reached her destination, or rather her first goal. At the point nearest the church, after crossing a rough unequal tract,broken by mounds and dry chalk pits, she stopped; and contemplated in feverish doubt the object she came to seek, namely, the ferry boat, in which she had so often crossed that narrow passage in former days. Was it within her reach?—if so, was it furnished with the means of transit?—and could she venture to use them?

It was an anxious, a terrible moment, while she examined these points of doubt, and a light almost of joy came over her face as she at last satisfied herself that the oars were laid up, covered and tied, in the boat. She sprang lightly in. It took her some anxious minutes ere she could disengage the heavy oars from their fastenings, and yet more before the thick rope that fastened the boat to the shore could be freed from its moorings. It was almost a miracle to see those delicate fingers employed on work that was full occupation for a man, rough and used to labor; but the eager spirit, the wild desire for liberty and safety supplied strength, and in about a quarter of an hour the task was done.

Rosalie fixed the oars, and then began her task. Fortunately for the attempt, the sea, that till within the last few days had been stormy and troubled, was on this night smooth as glass, and she had nothing to interfere with her progress, save the natural difficulties of such a passage.

The boat sped on, till in about half an hour she reached the opposite shore at a point much further down the cliff than the ordinary landing-place. Then springing to land, she placed the oars carefully in the boat,and sent it on its course with a smile of derision.

"They will have some difficulty to trace me," she thought, "even if they should imagine I could take such a course. That boat will drift miles away ere morning."

She felt safer and more composed now, and more able to realize the dangers and the fatigues she had undergone. The weariness, the depression, could no longer be resisted, and she looked languidly round for some place of shelter. She went slowly on, gazing round in the now increasing light of the moon; but no object, save the white sands and the tall cliffs, met her view.

At length she turned the rounded point of the promontory, and perceived a steep path, leading through the wood from the shore. She had a faint idea of having heard one of the Castle servants allude to some house in this very spot, where the now Dowager Countess of St. Clair had once gone to inspect some carving for her grandchild's monument; but the mention of it had been slight, and when the speaker had been questioned by a curious fellow-servant the man had at once half-retracted his words, or explained them away as an idle jest. Now, however, they recurred to Rosalie, and she felt attracted to the spot,as a haven of refuge that must shelter her from her present danger. Anything, any one, connected with the Countess Helena, must be antagonistic to the Countess Margerie.

On she went once more, faint, weary, exhausted with long fasting and agitation and fatigue, but still dragging on desperately, with the feeling that the goal could not be far off. Up that weary path she went, till she came to a building, of what character she could not tell, standing back within trees, and a small gate standing open at the entrance. Rosalie entered, ascended the three broad steps of the building, pushed open a half-closed door, and then sank fainting on the floor of the large, dimly-lighted room, of which she had just reached the threshold.

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR EVAN LESLIE worked on, but languidly, for there were strange and anxious doubts in his heart. "How would Violet take his words?" he asked himself again and again. "Should he ever see her more?—or would his avowal frighten her from his presence, and deprive him forever of the dangerous charm of gazing at her, and listening to her dear voice? Did his old servant possess the means of communicating with her? Had such communication brought her to the neighborhood of St. Clair in so mysterious and opportune a manner?"

These were questions that would occupy the mind of the young sculptor as he wrought daily at his labor of love, and they were not thoughts to enliven his spirits or give a happy expression to the inanimate features on which he worked. By degrees the sad pensiveness of the heart gave a cast to the lofty bearing of "The Bride," and softened the features into greater beauty than before.

Sir Evan had gone up to the room where so many of his hours were passed, intending to put his finishing touches to some of the details of his model, but the feeling of extreme languor under which he labored prevented his being able to carry out his wish. He sat down on the very chair where Violet had so often been placed, and contemplated the fair though unfinished work with a mournful idea as to his own and that statue's future fate. His musings were, however, interrupted by an unwonted noise of voices and steps in the room below. He knew full well that his faithful servant would not allow any one to intrude on his privacy unsanctioned by his order, and for the moment he listened, in some faint wonder as to the nature of so unusual a disturbance in his quiet, secluded dwelling.

"Could it be the countess?" he thought. "No,—the servant was sufficiently acquainted with her not to oppose her entrance, as he was clearly doing in the present instance."

He listened. The uproar increased; the noise and bustle, the angry tones, the slight scuffle, grew louder. At last he himself descended the stairs, partly from curiosity, and partly for anxiety for his servant. As he appeared on the other side of the little court-yard we have described, he perceived two strong, powerful men, contending with the slight, yet agile and determined Italian, who was brandishing a stick in obstinate opposition to their entrance. As the young baronet suddenly appeared on the scene, however, there was a slight cessation of hostilities. The Italian, in despairing agony, beheld the men in savage triumph.

"Ah! we thought as much," said one of the men. "We did not believe the bird had flown. Sir Evan Leslie, we arrest you on the charge of robbery, and concealment of stolen property of immense value, if nothing graver comes out when the charge is gone into."

The young man stood for an instant with a smile of absolute contempt on his features.

"You are mistaken,—absurdly mistaken," he said. "You do not know me, or you would never have committed such an absurdity."

"Do I not?" said the man, with a cool laugh of derision —"do I not? Are you going to deny your identity, sir? Do you dispute that your name is Sir Evan Leslie?"

"I am not at all likely to deny what I have never yet had reason to be ashamed of," replied the young baronet, proudly.

"Then you're the right man, that's all,—and a great pity it is when young men of rank do such things. I don't like to see it, I don't. When it's a low sort of fellow, that's a different case; but when it comes to you fellows with a peg to their names, and that ought to respect themselves and the laws, why, its a terrible pity, that's certain. It's a gambling dodge, or something of that sort, I reckon, that has brought you to it."

During this harangue Sir Evan listened with a sort of bewildered, half comprehending stare. The whole charge appeared so utterly absurd to him, that he could scarcely for a moment believe in its gravity; and yet the man's manner appeared so earnest, his tone so determined, that in spite of the mixture of vulgar insolence with the lingering respect for rank and regret for his youth,

it was evident that there was neither mockery, nor, as it appeared, any mistake in the identity of the supposed criminal with himself. Still, the consciousness of innocence, the apparent absurdity of the whole matter, and the natural courage and pride of his nature supported him even yet. He walked quietly forward, and motioned the man, who was apparently the superior of the two, to sit down; he obeyed, placing himself between the young baronet and the door.

"Now, my friend," said the baronet, calmly, "what is the charge, and who is it brings it against me? I have, at any rate, a right to know that."

"Well, as you seem inclined to be reasonable, I don't mind telling you all that I'm allowed. The charge is, stealing some valuable jewels, worth I don't know how many thousands; or receiving them, when stolen."

"My good friend," said Sir Evan, absolutely laughing, "if this were not so serious a matter, I should think it an insolent practical joke. The thing is too absurd to be credited for an instant."

"I hope it may prove so," said the man. "It keeps up your spirits, any way; and now you must accompany us, if you please. We have a long journey before us, for the charge is laid in the North, where you at one time resided, and where the robbery was committed. We have to go all the way to Carlisle."

A new light flashed on Sir Evan. The charge—seemingly so absurd—related to the jewels deposited with him by Violet, now by some strange course of events traced to his possession. A torrent of thoughts and fear rushed through his mind; fears for the unhappy and unfortunate girl rather than for himself. Was she then discovered, and again to become the victim of persecution, that now appeared to be once more awaked and busy?—or were the criminals themselves about to be brought to light and suffer the exposure and rightful punishment of their crime? At least the identity, the real parentage of the beautiful Violet would be established by this absurd and groundless charge, which he could so soon disprove, that it was scarcely more than a degrading, though temporary annoyance. He forgot for the time all that might prove suspicious in his conduct and position; still more the promises that might seal his lips as to the story of those same jewels,—all but the one idea that through this very suffering to himself, the rights, the identity, the happiness of Violet might be secured.

All this passed through Sir Evan's mind with the rapidity of light, and the man, who watched him narrowly during the few minutes he remained silent, was puzzled with the quiet, deliberate expression of his prisoner's features. They are good, if rude physiognomists, those same guardians of crime, and the man in question could at least decide that Sir Evan's mind was occupied with far different thoughts from those which would naturally possess a guilty man. There was neither the terror nor the bravado that he had before seen under similar circumstances, but rather the calm, meditative, though grave air of one who is reflecting seriously on a singular and perplexing subject, in which that charge had comparatively little share.

"Well, young gentleman," he said at last, seeing that Sir Evan's reverie did not appear likely soon to end, "are you ready to go with us? There is no alternative, I can tell you."

Sir Evan Leslie started as if just awakened to a sense of the reality of his position.

"Yes," said he, "yes, I can understand so much; I know that your duty must be done; but give me a few minutes for preparation before I leave the house that has been my home so long."

"That's but reasonable," said the man; "but you must not go out of our sight, sir."

"Do you doubt my word?" said Sir Evan, flushing crimson. "Do you suppose that I even wish to escape with so foul a charge on my name? I tell you that there are circumstances which make me quite as anxious as yourselves that this matter should be gone into fully and promptly."

There was a calm dignity in the young man's manner that impressed even the rude officer of the law.

"Well," said he, "I don't mind trusting you, though it's quite against the rules; but there's something I like in you in the midst of your troubles. Now remember, it's only for a few minutes I can lose sight of you,—say a quarter of an hour; and as this is a queer sort of place for getting away, I must stop at the foot of the stairs and keep a sort of watch. Why, it's as much as my place is worth, and more, too, if you were to give me the slip."

"Depend on it I won't betray your confidence, my friend," said Sir Evan, kindly. "I am quite honest when I say that sooner than I would rest quiet under this charge, I would go and give myself up to justice were you to let me 'give you the slip,' as you call it, either willingly or unwillingly."

The man looked wondering, but scarcely incredulous, and Sir Evan mounted the stairs to the room where his beloved work, the occupation and solace of so many dangerous hours, still remained. Beautiful creation of his hands! Lovely image of one far lovelier and dearer still! He sat down for a minute after uncovering the fair face, and gazed at it with more than a lover's fondness. It was a double fondness that he cherished for that work of art—the adoration of the lover for his idol, and the reverence, the love of an artist for the most sacred and cherished work of his hands.

Where was the original of that fair figure now? Was she free from the vows she had taken? Was she cherishing him in her heart as he had enshrined her in his, as the dearest, the most sacred of earthly images? He gazed, he thought, he mused over the past hours in that room, till his brain reeled, and he forgot all,—all but Violet, her beauty, her intellect, and her wrongs. He was recalled to recollection, however, by the voice of the man from below.

"Come, sir, come. We can't wait any longer. We shall lose the boat."

Sir Evan rose, gave one last fond look at the beloved figure, and then opened the door to descend the stairs, where his rough escort awaited him. But even the man saw the two deep red spots on his cheek, and a kindlier look came on his face as he said, "Come, pluck up heart. I dare say you're right after all, and that you'll soon prove there's some mistake in the matter."

Sir Evan tried to answer; but a cough choked his utterance. He put his handkerchief to his mouth, and when he removed it, it was saturated with blood.

Carlo rushed to his master, despite the terror with which the officers of the law had inspired his foreign nature.

"Is your master often taken like this?" said the second and inferior of the two men, who had not heard all that had passed.

"Yes," was the abrupt reply. "You will kill him, I suppose."

"Then you know what to do," said the elder of the men. "Come, we can't wait any longer; what's to be done, Master Frenchman?"

"I'm not French," said the young man, indignantly; "I am Italian, I tell you——"

A fresh cough, a fresh stream of blood from his master's lips, arrested the flow of indignation, and Carlo ran for the remedies that he had more than once seen his master apply.

"Now I am ready," said Sir Evan.

"It is impossible! it is a murder!" exclaimed Carlo passionately.

Sir Evan whispered something in the man's ear, and the dark face brightened.

"I will go with you till death," he said. Then he turned defiantly to the men. "You must take me too, unless you mean to kill my master. I can attend to him as well as any doctor; but he will die in your hands if nothing is done."

The men conferred, and then the elder one said, "Well, I suppose it must be so then; but you must come alone, Master Darkie. We can't have any bag or baggage, if we take you. You can't do much harm on the way if we watch you tight, but you might carry something away that's better left behind."

A word or two exchanged between the officers, and then the second was despatched to the shore, while the elder, with a degree of humanity for which he might hardly have received credit, allowed Sir Evan to rest on the couch, without disturbing him with questions or remarks.

Carlo stood like a bulldog, guarding his master, his dark brows bent, and his eyes flashing defiance on the officer. In a few minutes the man who had left the house returned, and his appearance was a signal for the party to set forth.

"There, don't hurry yourself, you haven't far to go, and you can rest in the boat well enough," said the officer, with kindness, and attempting, in his rough way, to give some support to the exhausted prisoner. But Carlo hastily pushed him away.

"We can't run off, you must see that," he said angrily; "and I know my master's ways, and am more fit to touch him than you. Stand off, I tell you. We won't get out of sight, you may be sure."

The defiant, unflinching air of the Italian had its effect. The man fell back, and allowed him to take his place at his master's side.

The fresh air, the strong sea breeze, the soft and regular motion of the boat, revived Sir Evan from the faintness that had been rather the result of overwrought nerves and an exhausted frame than the actual loss of the blood. When they arrived at Ryde, and found that the last boat had left for the night, he scarcely rejoiced at it, though Carlo exultingly triumphed. He could only feel a feverish anxiety to clear up the mystery, to prove his innocence, and to form some faint idea of the fate, while he would necessarily ascertain the family and real history, of his cherished idol. Self was forgotten in the eager desire to settle the great problem that had troubled the last eventful months. But whether welcome or not, the delay was inevitable. Rooms were bespoken at an hotel, and the prisoner was allowed a bed-room for his own and his servant's use.

But though Sir Evan Leslie did not sleep from exhaustion and weariness, it was not the refreshing slumber that rests the frame and braces the nerves, and when he awoke, at the summons to prepare for the early boat on the following morning, he had scarcely more energy than on the previous night. But youth and determined will effect wonders. Breakfast being concluded, the men hurried their charges off at a rate that nearly renewed the attack which on the previous evening hindered their progress and after a breathless race, landed on the dock of the tossing and uneasy Portsmouth boat; and so on, and on, and on, until sea and land had been traversed, the long journey accomplished, and Carlisle was in view.

Sir Evan Leslie knew every stone and tree and house as they drew near to the old town, his own residence for so long a space,—the neighborhood that had so influenced his destiny. It would be idle to deny that his heart sank as he alighted, under such degrading companionship, or that he shrank from contact with every stranger, while he looked fearfully round lest he might see some familiar face. But his mein was calm, and his face fearless as he walked firmly along, and quietly preceded his guardians to the carriage they were gracious enough to summon for him.

It was of course too late to do anything that night, except to drive Sir Evan and his servant to a house of detention, which, though not bearing so harsh a name, was as uncomfortable as a goal.

Sir Evan was feverishly anxious for the morn. A few minutes, even, must prove his innocence. Dr. Grayley and his own old servant could testify to his perfect honor and innocence in the affair of the jewels; and the very name of the prosecutor would decide the identity of the fair Violet sufficiently to release him from the necessity of concealment. But then came the remembrance of her words. Her own safety, as well as that of others, depended on concealment. Did the spirit of his promise release him from the latter?

It remained for the trial itself to decide his conduct; he could, as yet, only determine to be guided by the honor of a gentleman, the bravery of a man, the devotion of a lover,—by all and each, rather than consideration for his own personal safety.

The weary hours of the night wore away; the morning came, the eventful, dreaded, yet wished-for morning that would clear up and decide so much. The breakfast was sent away, scarcely touched, from the prisoner's lonely room, albeit more tempting than prison fare often is; a glass of wine hastily swallowed to support the failing strength, and then the young man crushed down every remaining weakness and prepared to repair to the eventful scene.

It was of course only a preliminary examination before the magistrates, but still it must at least elucidate facts, and give some idea, as to future proceedings.

The court-house was thronged, for a rumor of the extraordinary case had got abroad, and the spectators were eagerly pressing forward to catch a sight of one charged with so strange a crime.

The first glimpse of his handsome person, his pale and beautiful features, their pensive yet dignified expression, enlisted at once the sympathies of the female occupants of the court in his favor, and even the male spectators could but confess that never did criminal wear an appearance more prepossessing, while the magistrates were impressed with the calm, undaunted mein of the prisoner. Mr. Boscoe, the senior on the bench, addressed the young man.

"Sir Evan Leslie," he began, "I am grieved to have a charge of so serious and disgraceful a nature preferred against a man of your station and education. The affair is in itself so extraordinary, that were the evidence less strong, or the persons instituting the proceedings less undoubted in rank and character, I should have hesitated to grant the warrant; but, as it is, I had no alternative; I can only hope that the case is capable of a better explanation than we are led to suppose. Mr. Scott, I will thank you to read the charge against the prisoner."

The clerk of the court began at once to read the charge entered on the books; and Sir Evan Leslie was deeply and painfully moved at the description of the crime, and those against whom it had been attempted.

"Sir Evan Leslie," it stated, "was charged by Margerie, Countess of St. Clair, with having in his possession, and unlawfully secreting, certain family jewels,—heirlooms in the St. Clair family, and which were known to have been on the person of Violet Blanche St Clair at the time of her reputed death, and supposed to have been abstracted therefrom in some way, and by some person or persons unknown, and conveyed to the dwelling-house of Sir Evan Leslie, and delivered into his possession without the knowledge or permission of the family to whom they belonged."

The charge went on in the usual form to state that these jewels having been traced to the gentleman in question, some most particular circumstances, which the present inquiry might, it was hoped, tend to elucidate, had occasioned a yet more painful feeling and suspicion in the mind of the family than the actual robbery of the valuable property in question. The attorney engaged for the prosecution now rose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A grave situation—A sexton's.

Buying an Organ.

BY F. L. P.

IF at one period of my life anybody had told me me that I should ever be able to buy an organ for our parish church, I should have laughed him to scorn. How this unlooked-for event came to pass, I am about to relate.

My father is rector of St. Winifred. It is true his stipend is small, but there are only a few model poor people to look after, and some half dozen county families who vie with each other in acts of kindness toward the rector, his wife, and myself, his daughter.

My life had passed very happily, for I was good looking, enjoyed excellent health, and a superabundance of spirits, which from my infancy upwards often led me into trouble, and always helped me out again.

In an unlucky moment my parents accepted an invitation for me to spend six months in London with an uncle and his family. I enjoyed my visit very much and came home heart-whole, and my taste for first-rate ecclesiastical music strongly developed.

St. Winifred had been recently renovated by subscription, and to the great annoyance of the subscribers the expenditure was just double what was at first calculated. My proposal to get up a concert or bazaar or something to enable us to replace our broken-down organ, which was not only worn out and toneless, but a positive disfigurement to the church, was met with such a storm of "noes" that even I was silenced.

Sunday after Sunday I listened in silent agony to the bronchial gasps of that wretched instrument, until I verily believe that going to church did me no good, and I was little better than Sir Giles Gascoigne, who boasted that he had not entered a place of worship for thirty years, and had never given a penny for the benefit of our church.

I had not the same excuse for my wickedness as Sir Giles had, for he was wrong in the head; not decidedly mad, but unpleasantly eccentric. His violent temper caused him to be dreaded and feared by all who knew him, with two exceptions, Captain Hugh Gascoigne, his nephew, and myself.

The secret of the old gentleman's friendship for us was, that we did not fear him, and very often contradicted him.

One of Sir Giles's peculiarities was a strong desire to possess anything which another person valued. Now it would be a horse or dog, then a picture or bust; even a rare species of fern in the conservatory of a neighbor, which he chanced to hear she prized, aroused his envy, and he gave her no peace until she put a price upon it; and, although it was a very large one, he paid it without a murmur. Whenever Captain Gascoigne offended his uncle, the irascible old man would say, 'Are you aware that I can cut you off, and leave 'The Cedars' to be made use of as an Asylum for Idiots?"

"Perfectly so, uncle; and I am quite sure you will avail yourself of that privilege," would be the cool reply, and Hugh fully believed what he said.

One day, when Hugh was on a visit to Sir Giles, he lounged into the rectory to spend the morning with me, as had been his custom since I was a baby in arms and he a small boy of ten, a pupil of my father's.

"What are you looking so grave about, eh, Winnie?" he asked.

"I do so want an organ!" I replied, dolefully.

Hugh burst out laughing at my singular requirement.

"Do you wish for a bird organ?—or are you desirous of making a tour in the provinces with a barrel organ and a monkey?

"Talking of monkeys, I've a bright idea."

He stooped down and whispered something in my ear, and I thought his idea particularly bright.

The next day Hugh returned to London, and when I had seen him off by the train, Sunningdale seemed very dull and cloudy.

It was a hot August afternoon; my mother was at tossing hay in a field. I believe our people lived upon that sacred image to the consumption of beer in summer, and a bitter, was oppressive.

"Please may I have a pet monkey?" I asked, with an assumed air of indifference.

"A monkey!" exclaimed my mother, with a look of horror.

"Yes, a monkey. For certain important reasons I must bear with and caress a little ape which Hugh will send down to-morrow," I answered, so decisively, that my mother almost wept.

Vain were my mother's endeavors to induce me to give up the obnoxious pet. I was firm in my purpose.

The next day came the much dreaded guest. It was a small ring tailed monkey, with bright, wistful eyes.

When the little animal sprang from the arms of the porter, who brought it from the station, on to my lap, I felt quite faint with a mixture of disgust and dread; but I made an effort to kiss the creature, calling it by many fond names.

"It's a pity that Miss Winnie hasn't got somebody better to kiss than a nasty monkey," remarked the porter to our housemaid.

"Lor' bless you Brown," replied Mercy, solemnly, "my young mistress positively adores monkeys! She's been pining for a little ring tailed monkey ever so long!"

"Well," said Brown, "there's no accounting for taste where young ladies are concerned. I met Sir Giles as I was a coming up here, and he says to me, says he, 'Where are you going with that monkey?' 'It's a pet for Miss Grey,' says I, quite short, for he's the mean an' rich I can't abide him. 'Indeed!' says he; 'a queer pet for a young lady!' 'Everybody to their fancy,' I answers; and away he walks."

When this conversation was retailed to me, it gave me great satisfaction.

The misery which my mother and I went through whilst Apollo (the name of our monkey) was with us, baffles description, yet, at the end of a week after its arrival, I began to positively like the little beast, for it loved me with an affection peculiar to its species.

One day I was sitting on the lawn with Apollo on my lap, when I heard the heavy tramp of Sir Giles Gascoigne's over fed horses coming along the high road.

As I anticipated, they stopped at our gate; the fame of my pet had raised his envy and curiosity.

I angrily changed my position so as not to appear to notice the arrival of my guest, then clasped Apollo to my heart.

"May I be allowed to look at your new pet, Winnie?" asked Sir Giles in the tone of assumed gentleness which he always put on when he wished to obtain an object.

"You may look at and caress the dear darling," I replied, "but you must not attempt to take him from me; the dear pet, I would not part with him for less than seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars!" exclaimed Sir Giles, in blank astonishment. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars for a small monkey!"

"Yes, fifty dollars for each ring on his dear little tail, and the rest for his symmetrical body. Seven hundred and fifty dollars will purchase my treasure—not a cent less," was my derisive reply.

"Nobody would be fool enough to give you such a sum for your pet," said Sir Giles.

"Of course not; I never thought they would," said I. "And so, Apollo, my beautiful, we shall live and die together."

Six times did Sir Giles call and offer me various sums below the price I had named for Apollo, but I steadily refused.

At the end of three weeks he brought a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, and carried off Apollo in triumph.

Alas, poor monkey! had I known what its fate would be I would not have let it go. The affectionate animal refused to eat from any hand but mine, and rapidly pined away. At length Sir Giles sent a message begging me to come immediately to "The Cedars." I went directly, wondering what he could want with me. I found the old gentleman nursing the sick monkey.

The moment Apollo saw me he sprang into my arms with a shrill cry, then uttered a convulsion and expired.

I am not ashamed to own that I positively shed tears over the little animal.

My pet was buried, but like many other acts which when realized, it became a mockery of regret.

I never hear the tinkling tones of our wandering Italian with a barrel of music for his inhospitable towards poor Apollo. Alas, how seldom do we find our own pets in life!

* * * * *

A year after the untimely end of Apollo, Sir Giles Gascoigne died. He left all his property to Hugh, on the condition that he should make me his wife. Failing this arrangement, "The Cedars" was to be turned into an Asylum for Idiots.

Neither Hugh nor myself found it difficult to fulfil the orders expressed in Sir Giles's will.

It was my corner of the avenue he placed as one tablet to the memory of Apollo.

The historian Froude writes of his term at Oxford: "We did pretty much what we chose. There was much dissipation, and the whole manner of life was needlessly extravagant. We were turned loose at once on pleasures tempting us on all sides. The prices which were paid for everything were preposterous. The college authorities would take no trouble, and their own charges were on the same extravagant scale. The wretched novice was an object of general plunder till he had learned how to take care of himself. I remember calculating that I could have lived at a boarding house or contract, with every luxury which I had in college, at a reduction of 50 per cent."

Long division—separation for life.

PARISIAN KNICKNACKS.

THE entrance halls of the Parisian aristocracy are now ornamented with life-sized hardware bulldogs. This is a fashion imported from Austria, where they peep from behind a screen, or lurk under a table, or stand with face turned to a visitor in most threatening attitudes. The coats are perfect in point of mould and color, quite life like in expression and sufficiently terrifying on the occasion of a first acquaintance. Other decorations for halls and salons are the new faience vases, imitating Japanese lacquer and bronze. A beautiful water jug is of smoked crystal, down which runs an excellent imitation of water in the act of congealing; it freezes at length, one would fancy visibly for a thick roll of ice and dewy arrests the gaze and the course of the trickling drops.

Among the prettiest and most artistic ornaments in Sevres porcelain is the grim image of an old Druid, in whose ear is whispering on tiptoe a pretty nymph. She is telling her love tale with blushes on her cheek, and as one looks on the Druid's face to gather what he thinks of it, one feels like consulting an oracle of old.

For the bureau, instead of ivory and pearl inlaid desks, rosewood, or ebony boxes, there are rich satin and plush or velvet figures, such as metal insects, birds, fishes, and animals, or with satin embossed subjects that are very effective.

There are blotters of old-gold satin, on which are bunches of purple grapes considerably raised. Others have plums and small apples. These writing cases look very well on a table. The satin painted glove boxes are most artistic. A novelty in this line is a polished plain painted wooden box, all violet, all blue, all red—any color selected, in fact—on which ground figures are painted in oil.

Pink morocco of a bright coral shade is a novelty. Plush trays are worked by hand on the inside. There are two designs for blotter covers and albums which have gained great favor, they are the owl and the eagle. When silk covers are of two shades, joining in the centre but crosswise, from the top of the left hand corner down to the bottom of the right the colors preferred are blue and dark crimson. A huge bough covers the join, and totally conceals it. From this bough or tree stem proceed smaller branches, on which the owl or eagle is placed, but in such a manner that the blue appears to be the shade of an evening sky, and the crimson figures the after glow of sunset. The cock, which had things to himself on cardcases and pocketbooks, now divides honors with a nightingale. As to pigs, they are made of pink and deep rose, all satin stretched over cardboard; they are purchase three in a family—the hog, the sow and the offspring. They usually hold sweets, such as candied fruit in the hog, chocolates in the sow, and barley sugar, to suck, of course, in the junior descendant. Copper warming pans are beautifully imitated in cardboard by stretching canadron satin over a mould, which contains comfort bag wooden articles for cleaning shoes and babies. Some very beautiful needlework has been brought out. It was simply stamped cotton, embroidered in silks and with gold cord. Elaborate work on calf is executed with very narrow ribbon, not braid, but the ribbon employed is not much wider. It is twisted and turned to represent violets, lilies, hawthorn, hyacinths, and any other flower, the petals not higher than a pressed beaver, but where the worker is talented this so-called Pompadour embroidery far excels any kind of needlework in taste and beauty. The ribbon is dyed in all the natural colors, and shaded. The sunflower and tulip are good subjects, but the more mixed colors are the most difficult and natural. The smallest designs represent a harp of gold, over which is flung a flower garland.

INDIAN BARBARISM.—That an Indian mother loves her babe is clearly shown by the care which she bestows upon its cradle, adorned with the richest beadwork and embroidery. The foundation of this cradle is a very stout board, upon which the baby is firmly secured at all points. This board is usually covered with soft dressed buckskin, with flaps and pockets in which to envelope the baby, other tribes, not rich or fortunate enough to procure this material, have recourse to a rustic substitute of arrow wood poles, reed splints, grass matting, and the soft and fragrant inner bark of the bass or linden tree. Sweet grass is also used as a bed for the young papoose's tender back, or dry moss gathered from the boggy limits of the swamp fens, then, with buckskin thongs or cords of painted grass, the baby is bound down tight and secure, for any and all discussion its mother may see fit to make of it for the next day or two. So far from disliking these rigid coercives, the babies actually sleep better in them than when free, and positively cry to be returned to them when neglected and left longer than usual at liberty. The fact is certainly an amusing instance of the force of habit.

No need of running if we start in time.

New Publications.

The American Gastronomist, of which we have received the first number, is a semi-monthly review, devoted to the art of living with elegance, comfort and economy, the science of food in its relations to health, and matters appertaining thereto. It treats of cookery, pastry, confectionary, wines, etc. The editor is Leo A. Colange. The work is unique in literature on this side, and, as it gives evidence of able management, it ought to succeed.

The contents of the North American Review for March must win the attention of all on the timeliness of the topics discussed. First, we have a thoughtful and moderate article by Bishop [illegible] "Theology in the Public Schools." The author would eternally exclude from the schoolroom all sectarian dogmas, whether Catholic or Protestant, but he insists on the retention of the Bible, first, because that book is the principal fountain of our English speech, and second by, because it is really the base of our social system. The second article is by Captain Eads, who endeavors to show the practicability of his ship-railway, as against ship-canal schemes, and why the United States can, without risk, guarantee the payment of 6 per cent interest on $50,000,000 of the proposed company. Judge B. H. Chamberlain, writing of the Effects of Negro Suffrage, bespeaks for the Southern States, while engaged with the solution of the great problem that has been forced upon them, the sympathy and counsel of the North. The other articles are "The Free-School System," by John D. Philbrick, being a reply to the recent strictures of Mr. Richard Grant White on the public schools; "Theological Charlatanism," by Mr. John Fiske, whose typical theological charlatan is Mr. Joseph Cook; and, finally, a review of some recent publications in Physics, by Professor A. W. Wright.

Scribner for March has a number of interesting papers. The second part of Mrs. Burnett's novelette, "A Fair Barbarian," will be eagerly read. "Ericsson's Destroyer, and Her New Gun," is the subject of a paper by Mr. Charles Barnard, who has the advantage of presenting the first drawings of this long-expected piece of armament, with some fresh details in "Modern Possibilities of Armament." Mr. Theodore Thomas writes practically of vocal and instrumental culture, church and theatre music, bad and good methods of teaching, and of American violins. Never before engraved portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, from old paintings, embellish a short paper by Mr. John Arbuckle, "In London with Dickens," is a chronicle of the localities of Boz." Another similar paper is to follow. There is an illustrated article on "Sir Joshua's Copley," by his great-granddaughter Mrs. Amory, giving a biographical sketch of an American painter, popularly little known, and presenting several engravings. Still further variety is given to the number by a second paper of "Recollections of American Society," by Mrs. S. W. Dewey, an illustrated article on "Old Time Bass," by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, an account of Protestantism in Italy, by Rev. Washington Madden, more "Notes of a Worker," including discussion of Mark Pattison's "Casaubon," by John Burroughs; "A Dangerous Virtue," a striking story by Mr. H. H. Boyesen; the fifth part of Mr. Story's "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," illustrated by Bunn, Nellie, and others, and the concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art," with with illustrations by Jourdain, Alfred Stevens, Rico, Eggina, etc., Mantegna and others. The poetry of the number is excellent, and the various departments full of interesting matter. Scribner & Co., New York.

Wide Awake for March is more than usually pictorial, no less than five full-page drawings being given, in addition to the ballad, "The Beggar King," which has six full-page pictures, while the other articles are also lavishly illustrated. "M—, diocum" by Carrie Hicks is called the most amusing story of the season, and the boys will enjoy "How Philip Sullivan did in Kansas," and "How Jonathan Ran Away from School." "The Girl that was Born over the Sea" relates to the origin of Christ Church, Cincinnati. "Bob's Story," by Frank H. Converse, is an account of a recent ocean adventure. "Tot, the Dwarf," by Margaret Kyllinge, is a dramatic little story, exquisitely illustrated by G. F. Barnes. Rev. E. E. Hale's "Ted Fry" is the first of the Forest papers. Mrs. Theodora Thomas gives an interesting account of her visit to "Sunset Hall Seminary." Among the [illegible] are the humorous tale of "The Dear Boy," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, and "My Little Rose Bud, and Other Birds," by L. Imlay. The nine poems are all good. "The Story of Honor Bright," with its three full-page cuts by the famous young painter Mr. Walter Shaw, "Rocky Fork," a Ute story, by Mrs. Catherwood and "Pussy's Cruise," by the Pixie's own pet cat, with illustrations by Mrs. A. Dick with eleven funny pictures by Bon. There is also the usual [illegible] with which comes as a supplement, "A Book of Flowers and Work," by George Miss Dorcas. The price is four monthly parts of more than 100 pages each, or all in one, "Best Boys," a year. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

One of the best specimens of publications is the Illustrated Sunday News, published by Munro & Co., New York. Every number contains thirty-two pages, full of engravings of [illegible] and useful arts. Ornamental wood work, pottery, vases and other [illegible] and useful art are finely shown. [illegible] will be found in the [illegible] to [illegible], but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. Munro & Co. 17 Park Row, New York, at $1.50 a year, and sold by all newsdealers.

Mayford's New Monthly Magazine for February contains a choice collection of [illegible] poetry. Among the [illegible] may be mentioned "Ultimate Immortality," by Col. A. J. H. Duganne; "Autocrats and Tyrants," by Charlotte Adams; "The Brook Street House," by The Governess; "George Eliot," "A Word with California Pioneers," "Lo Evangeline Unbroken," by Mary Mayford; "Anolia Gar Island," "The Quest of Christopher North," by Wm. Linn [illegible], "Marie Antoinette," the continuation of "Annals of Crime," "One-Armed Justice," by Joseph H. Fennessy, etc., etc. The departments are full and entertaining. Henry Mayford, publisher 51 Broadway, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

The Etude for March is up to the regular standard, as it has the highest praise. It contains verses, poetry of [illegible] matter interesting to musicians, and a number of choice pieces of music, vocal and instrumental, including the famous "Wait and Forsake" song, from the new opera, "Colrette." White, Smith & Co., publishers, Boston.

Newspapers do not believe in omens—they sell them to the ragmob.

Our Young Folks.

HANS AND JENNY.

BY PITKIN.

AH! this is something like winter! How the wood fire crackles on the hearth as the flames leap about and chase one another up the chimney, until they lose their way and then disappear in the darkness!

There are the children going out, wrapped all over in furs, lest Jack Frost should steal some of their fingers or toes. They are dragging their sledges with them, and their breath rises like steam in the still, frosty air.

Now they have got to the top of the hill and they straighten the sledges all in a row, ready for a descent: it is to be a race who shall get down first. One, two, three, and away! There they go, skimming like the wind over the frozen surface of the snow.

But look! one sledge has overturned all of a sudden. It struck against a hidden log, and poor little Hans is thrown out upon the snow with a great shock. He would perhaps have cried, but that he feared lest the tears should freeze in his eyes, so that he would never be able to wink again; so he laughed instead and shaking his little head covered with its fur cap and now white with snow, he cried:

"That is very well, Father Jack Frost; but we shall try again!

He did try again, and this time so successfully that he won the race.

He resolved always to try again whenever he failed in anything; and it was a good thing he did, as you shall hear.

A year or two afterwards, when Hans had grown a good deal bigger, and lived in a cottage with his mother and his little sister, he was coming home from school one winter's evening.

The snow lay thick and frozen on the ground, and crunched under his feet as he walked. He thought how pleasant it would be when he reached the cottage to find a warm supper ready for him, and to watch afterwards the flames chasing each other up the dark chimney.

What was his surprise, therefore, when he entered the cottage, to find it dark and empty, and no supper prepared for him. What could be the meaning of this? He stood irresolute in the doorway for a while, and presently he saw his mother making her way across the snow-covered fields that lay between their home and the dark pine forest.

He ran to meet her, crying out, "What is the matter, mother?"

But the mother began to sob and cry, and said:

"Ansel my son, our little Jenny is lost! She wandered away by herself and has now been gone many hours, and if she is in the forest she will perhaps be devoured by the wolves! I have been searching for her everywhere. Oh, Hans, if she should be eaten up!"

Then Hans, like a brave boy, forgot all about the supper and the warm cottage and the bright flames flying up the chimney, and he said:

"Mother, you go in. You will be frozen if you stay out here with no cloak on. I will go and look for Jenny."

So he took the big stick with the iron spike, which had been his father's; for, thought he, "there is no good in my being eaten by the wolves too. I must find Jenny that way." And then he looked round about outside the cottage, till he found the footprints of his little sister going towards the forest. He followed them under the dark fir trees until the branches grew so thick overhead that there was no more snow on the ground and it was quite dark. Then he called Jenny by her name and wandered about for a long time, he knew not whither, till he grew faint with cold and hunger; and still no voice answered to his calls. If he had not been startled by the distant howl of a wolf he would almost have dropped asleep as he walked.

"There is no good in this," he said to himself at last. "I will go home and get something to eat, and as soon as ever it is light in the morning I will try again."

So he went home, and his mother warmed and fed him, and as soon as the first glimmer of dawn appeared in the eastern sky he started off again to the forest.

Now that there was more light he discovered a little path up a big hill, not far from the place where, the evening before, he had come to the end of the footprints, and thinking that Jenny had perhaps gone that way, he followed it for a long way, calling "Jenny! Jenny!" every now and then as he went along.

After a while there came an answer that he did not expect. It was the fierce growling of several wolves, and the next moment three hungry looking animals appeared, trotting through the trees. They did not notice him however, and soon disappeared.

And he went on, still calling "Jenny."

Presently he saw before him a charcoal burner's hut, near the top of the long hill, and he hurried up to it. It was evidently deserted. Hans stooped down and looked into the dark little hut, and there what do you think he saw? Seated on a heap of rubbish, a little bundle of clothes, with a little head on the top of it, sucking a little thumb! It was really Jenny, and she was safe and sound. Hans soon found that out, for he punched her all over to see whether she was frost-bitten or wolf-bitten, and to make her warm.

"How pleased mother will be!" he said. "I am glad I tried again, for if she had been left here another night the wolves must surely have found her, or she would have starved with cold and hunger."

The wonder was that the wolves had not found her already. And how she was able to wander so far from home Hans was never able to find out; but there she was, and that was enough for the present.

So, after rubbing her hands and feet well, he set her on an old sledge by the door, got on in front himself, and guiding their clumsy vehicle with his father's stick, and with his heels in the snow, they started down the path.

They had not done with the wolves yet, however. Before they had gone far they heard a wild, distant cry behind them, and then another and another.

"Hold fast, Jenny!" cried Hans; and he let the sledge fly down the rough track. Very soon the wolves came in sight behind, then on each side; they seemed to be surrounded by the terrible howlings. Now it was a race which could go the faster, the wolves or the sledge.

The wolves come on faster and faster behind. Suddenly there is a jerk and a bump. The sledge has caught on a stump of a tree—for Hans could not steer clear of everything—the rotten old thing falls to pieces under them and the children roll off on the snowy ground, close in front of an old grey wolf.

Now, indeed, they must be eaten up by the lean, hungry animals, and Hans jumps up and grasps his stick for a last effort. But unexpected help is at hand. The forester is shooting in the forest, and hearing the uproar, he runs forward, and comes on the scene just as the accident has happened. He sees the old grey wolf just about to spring upon little Jenny, while Hans is lifting his stick to defend her. Bang! The forester has fired his rifle, and the old wolf rolls dead at Hans's feet. All the others stop short, snarling and showing their teeth; and at a second shot they turn and gallop off into the dim forest.

Now the children are quite safe, for the forester takes them by the hand and leads them to their home. While Hans relates to him all that has happened. What joy for the mother to see both her children come home alive and well! How she kissed them again and again, and cried over them! And then she brought them into the cosy room of the cottage and there was a warm supper and a bright fire on the hearth, and the flames chasing each other up the chimney, just as it should be, and Hans thought: "I am glad I did not come back without Jenny; it was well I tried again!"

And this is all I know about Hans and Jenny.

IGNORANCE AND PRIDE.—It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves. The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot make a common watch; when it is out of order they say it is dead and barter it away for a living one. The Persians think that all foreign merchants come to them from a small island in the northern waters barren and desolate, which produces nothing good or beautiful; "for why else" say they, "do the Europeans fetch such things from us if they are to be had at home!" The Turk will not permit the sacred cities of Mecca or Medina to be polluted by the residence or even footsteps of a single Christian, and as to the grand Dairo of Japan, he is such a lofty creature that the sun is not permitted to have the honour of shining on his illustrious head. The king of Matacca styles himself lord of the winds, and the Mogul to be equal with him, styles himself conqueror of the world, and his grandees are denominated rulers of the thunder storm and stormmen of the whirlwind; even the pride of Xerxes who fettered the sea, and wrote his commands to Mount Athos; the King of Congo, who boasted of being the favored lover of the moon, are both surpassed by the petty sovereign of an insignificant Iroquois tribe who every morning sallies out of his hovel bids the sun good-morrow, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day; and to complete this climax of pride and ignorance, it is well known that the Khan of Tartary, who does not possess a single house under the canopy of Heaven, as no sooner finished his repast of mare's milk and horse flesh, than he causes a herald to proclaim from his seat, that all the princes and potentates of the earth have his permission to go to dinner.

A society having for its object the obtaining of abstinence pledges, or failing in this pledges of moderation in the use of alcoholic liquors, has proved most successful among the business men of New York in the last two years. During the past year 25,000 total abstinence pledges were secured, and 38,000, not to drink in business hours.

WHAT HAPPENED.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

A PRETTY white cottage standing back from the road within its large plot of garden. Rather too peaceful, however, in its monotony for Katie Denison. She had been George Denison's wife nearly four months, and she found the home life in the cottage just a wee bit lonely, especially to-day. For the little maid servant, Jane, had been sent for to the next village at daybreak, her mother being taken suddenly ill, and was not to be back before night. George's own occupation lay in the town Rockland, a mile away. Sometimes he got home to mid-day dinner, sometimes not; and though he ought to have been home every evening at six, it happened as often as not that he was kept an hour or two after it. A hard worked clerk was he, not too well paid; but they were both young and healthy and buoyant. On this day George had not come in to dinner.

"Oh, dear, how lonely it all is!" groaned Katie, quite overpowered by the monotony around. "Who would have thought that Jane's absence could make such a difference! I do wish something would happen! I wish some nice neighbors lived at the end of the garden! I wish a carriage would come along now, and break down opposite the gate, and somebody be hurt and have to come in and rest awhile. No chance of that, however, in this lonely, crosscut way. I wish it was the high road! If only a beggar woman came along, it would be something!"

And Mistress Katie Denison looked up to heaven.

"I wish someone would leave me a fortune, or write me a long letter, or send me a present, or anything! I'd not care what, if only something would happen. If a misfortune came, it would be something. I wish it would! I am tired of the sunshine, there's so much of it. I am tired of the flowers, and the shrubs, and the hedge that hides the road, and of the green gate. And, by the way, I have a great mind to move that rose bush!" she cried presently, after glancing about the garden. "I have been going to do it for ever so long—why not do it now? I suppose it will bear transplanting, and grow here as well as there! Any way, I'll risk it—and it will serve to pass away this most dreary afternoon."

Katie put on her garden hat, for the sun was burning and blazing, and got the spade and hoe. A lovely moss rose tree, covered with the sweetest buds and blossoms in the centre of the garden, and would look well before the window.

She went to the corner and began her work. At last, with a great pull, up came the bush and Katie stood to take breath, flushed and triumphant.

"I wonder if the rose tree has been wishing something to happen to it!" she thought, laughing. "It is going to be placed where it can see the world now; I'm sure it could not see it there."

Pausing thus and thinking what a great hole the taking it up had made, Katie's eyes caught sight of something that seemed to shine. She thought it must be her silver thimble dropped out of her apron pocket and stooped to pick it up. But it was not her thimble, it was something that resisted her grasp.

Clearing away the earth from around it she found at length that it was a box with brass bound corners, a mahogany box, or desk, that had been buried there. With the help of the spade, and with some trouble, Katie got it out of the ground. It was neither very large nor very heavy, and she carried it into the house and placed it on the table.

"What can it possibly be! who can have put it there! and what can be in it!" she wondered in excitement. "If I had but a key to fit the lock!"

But, upon regarding the lock attentively, she saw that it was a very simple one, and that the fastenings could easily be pushed back with a pen knife. After a minute, and the desk lay open before her.

Some silver tea spoons wrapped in washleather first met her sight; they were antique and massive, and discolored. There were eleven of the spoons and a pair of sugar tongs, and a cream ladle. There was also a bag full of notes, a number of jewels and trinkets all marked "A. D."

Recollection flashed through Katie. She had heard the story more than once from George. Some years before, his Aunt Ann, his father's sister, who lived at the cottage here with the family, took a sudden panic that she was left in the house alone and was robbed. Already in failing health, she never rallied from it, though she lived for a time she did not recover proper speech or proper consciousness, nor mind was gone. She died; and when her will was opened it was found that she had left what property she possessed to her nephew, George, unconditionally.

But no property was to be found. It was supposed that she had, or ought to have had, over one thousand dollars, which she had always kept in the house with her being afraid of banks and all other securities. It had disappeared, together with her silver spoons—on which she set much store—her desk, and some personal ornaments. Either she had too effectually hidden it, or else the robbers had run away with it.

But as Katie Denison opened her eyes on this wonderful treasure, she saw what it was—the lost desk and property. "Why, Aunt Ann must have dug a hole, and put in the desk and planted a rose tree over it!" said Katie to herself. "Eleven spoons—I remember George said one of them had been lost or stolen years before; and how beautiful they are!"

Her breath came and went unevenly as she gazed at them—lying on the table beside the spread out jewels. Oh, what a boon it was! No more pinching for herself and George. Katie lifted her hands and her heart on high in thankfulness. But she was interrupted.

"Good day, my lady! Good day!"

Mrs. Denison started as though she had been shot. Turning to the window, whence the salutation came, she saw a dark, wiry man, with long black hair and keen eyes, standing there, a box strapped upon his back. He was evidently a traveling pedlar. Whipping off her black silk apron, she flung it over the notes and the glistening ornaments, and shut down the lid of the desk, but leaving it exposed to view.

The pedlar coolly stepped inside the room, unstrapped his pack, and began to open it. He did not glance towards the table, and Katie hoped he had not seen what was on it.

"The sun is hot to day, my lady," he remarked, sociably but quite respectfully.

"Yes, it is very hot indeed," civilly replied Katie.

The pack was thrown open at last, displaying all kinds of things; buttons, sewing silk, ribbons, handkerchiefs, imitation lace neck collars, cheap jewelry, scent bottles, and many other articles calculated to take the eye of inexperienced country girls and women.

"What will you buy, lady?"

"I do not want anything, thank you, today," said Katie, politely, not daring to be rude.

The pedlar used all his arts to induce her to purchase something, but she steadily refused.

"Then I conclude I may strap up my pack again," he said at length, beginning to put the things straight in it. "If you would only be tempted by a knot of ribbons, or a pair of these delicate gloves! Stop, though; here is a rare perfume—my lady loves perfumes, I know. Has my lady ever heard of the attar of roses from India, worth a dollar a drop?"

Katie opened her eyes in surprise. "A dollar a drop! And is this attar of roses?"

"No, that is not, but it is a perfume as costly. Smell it, my lady."

He held a strange shaped bottle under her nose; and she, preparing for a pleasurable sensation, inhaled a long breath of it. Then she began to experience a queer, faint sensation. She felt confused and dizzy, and did not seem to see anything clearly. Then everything was dark.

When she came to herself, the sun had gone off the window, the hands of the clock were approaching six, and her husband standing over her. Like a flash of light she remembered all. She looked at the table. It was empty.

"Hallo! Why, Katie, what's amiss?"

She stretched out her arms to him, and laid her wet face upon his shoulder while she told him her tale. At first he thought her mind wandering, but was finally convinced.

Going to his nearest neighbor's, George Lake, he told his story and borrowed a horse. His sister Mary said she would go over and keep Katie company. George Denison mounted, young Farmer Lake did likewise, and they rode away at full speed. Ere long they came up with the pedlar, who, seeing himself pursued, dropped the dusk and disappeared. They were satisfied to let him go and returned home.

"Oh, George!" said Katie, gleefully. "What should we have done, what could we have done, if he had got clean off with the booty!"

"Well, Katie, we should only have been where we were before."

"And I daresay you would never have believed that I had dug anything up, or that it was Aunt Ann's lost desk. One thing I can promise, George, and heartily, too—that I will never again, when I am dreary, wish anything to happen, good or bad. Bad enough it has been."

"Nay, my little wife I think it has been all good, taking your dose of ether or whatever the stupefying stuff might be. And you must not let Jane go home again, to leave you alone, or you may have all the fraternity of pedlars paying you periodical visits."

"The ear rings are so beautiful, George, especially the blue ones. Shall you let me have both pairs? They will look so pretty in my ears!"

"Eve, Eve!" cried George Denison.

A St. Louis boy stole a horse and sleigh, and for three days drove out every afternoon. During that time the poor beast did not have a mouthful of food or water, and when rescued was almost dead with hunger and fatigue.

THE TOYS.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved, and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words, and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table, drawn beside his bed,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells—
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou remember'st of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

STORIES OF THE SEA.

THE delights of solitude have been fervidly extolled by writers who took good care to keep themselves within hail of the busy hum of men; but its fancied charms have soon palled upon unfortunates of a silent life, either by their own whim, the tyranny of others, or circumstances over which nobody had any control.

Three weeks' experience of Crusoeing sufficed to bring an unwilling solitarian to death's door, but he was a mere lad, wanting three years to be out of his teens. The youth's name was Lord. Getting separated from his messmates, while seeking wood and water on one of the Gallipagos Islands, he lost himself in the forest. After passing an uncomfortable night there, daylight saw Lord roving in quest of what he might devour, and finding nothing save a big snake, unavailable for staying his appetite, and when night came round again, he was still wandering in a maze of trees, weary with walking, and faint for lack of food, fearing to sleep on the ground lest he should intrude on the privacy of some deadly serpent. This difficulty he surmounted by climbing a very tall tree, and roosting in its branches, unaware that he had a fellow-lodger in a big owl, until, on leaving his airy chamber in the morning, he knocked the bird down, and turned the accident by breakfasting upon the owl, without any further preparation than stripping it of its feathers.

That night Lord was out of the wood, but was not much better off, for, sleeping at the foot of a mountain, he was drenched with a rain, and when morning broke was in anything but condition for climbing. Climb the mountain, however, he did; from the summit beholding the bay in which his whaler had been, but was not. He saw a brig there, but she was making her way out. Madly he dashed down the mountain side to gain the beach all too late, and becoming oblivious of his disappointment by going off into a dead faint. When he recovered his senses hunger got the better of despair, its pangs being none the less bitter from the knowledge that there was abundance of food in the waters washing his prison, and that he had neither hook to bait nor bait to hook, and must perforce live as best he might upon berries and seal flesh.

So the dismal days dragged on, the only event breaking their monotonous misery being Lord's nearly coming to grief altogether in grappling with a great seal, rolling into the sea with it, and scrambling out alone as quickly as his weakness allowed. After this bout he contrived to crawl up the the mountain again, and to his joy descried a large ship making for the island. The sight gave him new strength, and he managed to get down to the beach just as the ship entered the harbor. Soon a boat was lowered, and he knew no more until his eyes opened upon a crowd of friendly faces. He called out for water, and he drank till he swooned again, when kindly arms carried him to the boat, and he was soon safe in the care of the famous explorer of the seas, Captain Cook.

Lord did not find the Gallipagos Islands so much to his mind as did an Irishman, who let his ship depart without him, and set up his rest on one of these volcanic islets; dwelling there for seven years in a hovel of his own building, living upon tortoises, seals and fish, washed down with rum obtained from ships in exchange for the potatoes and pumpkins he busied himself in raising.

In 1813, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to H. M. S. Queen Charlotte, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a seaweed fire. He had, three years before, been left there with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of birds and drinking their blood.

The find of the Queen Charlotte's men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pieiman, when, in 1613, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men going in search of eggs, came upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance, and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage boat between England and Ireland, had been captured and afterwards cast off by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable save a little sugar with them, one of the three soon died of starvation, the other lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon the sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clotheless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together, he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by baited sticks thrust through the openings in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive, until the accidental advent of the London-bound Flemish timber-ship released him from his dreary durance.

It might be supposed that a castaway would receive a brother unfortunate with open arms. It was not so with Pedro Serrano, when he caught sight of a man floating towards the island still bearing his name, of which he had been undisturbed lord for nearly four years. He jumped to the conclusion that Satan had found him at last; while the newcomer was not a whit less horrified at seeing a creature as naked as Adam before the fall, with a beard reaching to his waist, and a body covered with bristles. When both had recovered from their fright, Serrano, awakening to the duties of hospitality, placed the best food his limited larder afforded before his uninvited guest. For a little while the pair lived amicably together, but only for a little while. Then they dissolved partnership, and avoided each other; becoming reconciled again to embark as friends on board a ship attracted to island by their signal fire. Pedro reached Spain, was presented to Charles the Fifth, pensioned by that monarch, and passed the remainder of his days in ease and comfort at Panama. His companion, less fortunate, died on the voyage.

Who shall say how many men are enacting Crusoe in sad earnest. The Viceroy of India very recently telegraphed to England:—"Master of ship 'Cedric the Saxon' reports, 'Sighted Inaccessible Island, twenty-three miles southwest of Tristan d'Acunha. Large fire burning on northwest side, apparently on shore; time, 8 evening; heavy gale; unable to lay ship to for daylight; I suggest probable shipwrecked crew.'"

Grains of Gold.

Holy poverty is heavenly riches.

Ridicule dishonors more than dishonor itself.

Charity is a virtue of all times and all places.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

Few people are so selfish as to keep their opinions to themselves.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

The way to avoid making heavy speeches is to weigh well before speaking.

There is but one university in life, and that is where the heart is educated.

Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge.

Every duty brings on peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation.

A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

Seeing and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn.

The truly grateful heart may not be able to tell of gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

The noblest gift of God ever bestowed upon man was the liberty to work out his own salvation.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produces amendment; the greatest is insufficient if it does not.

True love, as well as virtue, has this advantage—that we are rewarded for every sacrifice we make to it.

We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.

Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, and the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution.

A person that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never heeds reproaches. When I am ill spoken of I take it thus: if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have failed, I will mend.

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that, as he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.

If a man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires and better than to speak, though never so well.

Nothing is so degrading in our nature, so well calculated to divest man of all nobility of soul, as the skepticism which questions his future existence—the infidelity which consigns the hope of immortality to the grave.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

One of the lessons which young people have to learn from experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced, and no impress made.

A deep and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the follies of others. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well to suppose it easy in them; and instead of making them the object of our sarcasm, they will become the objects of our pity and prayers.

Chesterfield says: If you would avoid the accusation of pedantry on one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company you are in. Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out merely to show that you have one.

Femininities.

Mock pearl beads will bedeck some of the straw bonnets.

A New York widow hat just been married for the fifth time.

Reseda, a new shade of mignonette, contrasts prettily with porcelain blue.

A sister of the King of Sweden is a missionary in Lapland, and has sold her jewels to aid her in the work.

When a married woman buys a pug dog for a low price she gets a bargain, and her husband something to boot.

We censure the inconstancy of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.

Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child.

We meet in society many beautiful and attractive women whom we think would make excellent wives—for our friends.

Of all the gifts that nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or answering properly is perhaps the most useful.

A man dying left five thousand dollars to a man who years before had run away with his wife. He said he never forgot a favor.

A Chicago woman, whose husband is a policeman, dons his uniform while he is sleep, and goes out and knocks the boys right and left.

A late essayist notes that in proportion as education and home comfort increase, English women refuse to go into the field as day laborers.

Turquoise moonstones, velvet surface finished amethysts, and pale, pink corals are the ornaments for delicate, pale and slender women.

The news comes from Paris that the ex-Empress Eugenie has nearly finished a history of her life and the death of the Prince Imperial.

A single fine jewel gives more character and richness to a lady's toilet than a quantity of bangles, chains, bracelets, and chatelaine ornaments.

The following is now being debated before an uptown lyceum: "Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised or another run down."

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it is a tempest in the harbor.

Ladies now-a-days are possessed of much tact in putting on false hair. So nicely do they match their own tresses that it is impossible to tell which is switch.

A foolish young maiden who married a man who had lost both legs in the army went around boasting that she had secured a husband who would never kick her.

Neglect no woman merely because she is plain-looking; for beauty is to woman but what saltpetre is to beef—it gives it an appearance, but it imparts to it no relish.

Seventeen women are being prosecuted for entering an Indiana town, emptying the liquor casks, breaking up the glassware and cutting up the pool table with an axe.

Indiana has a law to prevent weak-minded people marrying. A crusty bachelor insinuates that the weak-minded are the only persons who ever think of marrying.

In marrying men should seek happy, cheerful women. The sweetest and the loveliest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance.

Every lady of station in Austria knows how to cook. They do not learn the art at regular cooking clubs or at home, but they go to the house of a prince or rich banker where there is a famous chef, and learn from him.

"Bowling parties" is a new entertainment for ladies and gentlemen in Boston. They engage a bowling alley, invite the matrons and spend an evening every week or fortnight in the exhilarating game of tenpins.

A young lady of Indianapolis has caused the arrest of a young man for breach of promise. The latter thought he had compromised the suit by marrying the girl, but he found he was not a free man until he also paid the costs.

"Don't sit so far away from me, Harry, dear," she said to her lover, when they were steaming up the river with the excursion; "don't sit so far away, and turn your back to me in that way; people will think we are married."

It is said that the bangle is sometimes really useful. Women buy a pair of six-buttoned gloves and when they are soiled they sew a pair of two buttoned gloves upon their wrists and go forth rejoicing, hiding the sewing by a bangle.

Recently a celebrated preacher said, "The little good any of us can do must be done with our hearts thumping against the hearts of our fellow-men." And every young woman in church looked at every young man, and smiled approvingly.

While Charles Miller was eating breakfast, in Detroit, his wife embraced him affectionately and cut his throat. She explained that she was the Queen of England, that he was Emperor of Germany, and that the cause of peace demanded his death.

As a general rule the wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? The men who succeed best in life are those who make confidantes of their wives.

A London paper says that ideas grow most freely when the waist is squeezed—meaning by tight dresses—and there is, therefore, more repartee in conversation, more fun, more sparkle, more light froth. Women who are writers, also says the paper, wear stays as little as they can help.

"Ah, dear," sighed Mrs Fitzroy, as she yawned wearily. "There isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and tidies, and embroidered slippers and painted majolica jugs until I'm weary of life. I believe I'll go down into the kitchen and watch Jane make bread. I suppose I ought to know how many pints of yeast it takes to a loaf." And she penetrated the business part of the house only to find that bread was "raised" from the baker's cart.

News Notes.

Chicago has 5 000 dram shops and beer gardens.

Very wide ribbons will be worn on the new bonnets.

Our dime or ten cent piece was first coined in the year 1796.

The public schools of the United States cost $80 329 000 a year.

Texas prohibits by law the opening of telegraph offices on Sunday.

Put your tongue to the larger end of an egg; if it feels warm, it is fresh.

Crude petroleum is an excellent preservative covering, or paint for a fence.

There are in Boston many reading clubs of sixteen or eighteen-year-old girls.

A famous London physician says hurried eating is not conducive to dyspepsia.

The revenues of the Sultan of Turkey is $70 000 000, of which $55 000 000 goes to the army.

It is calculated that sixty tons of steel are annually consumed in the manufacture of steel pens.

Of 3 500 Massachusetts children who are under care of the State, 2 000 are the children of criminals.

Small silver vegetable dishes are now used in preference to china ones; they are much more serviceable.

Two little girls in Vermont died suddenly last week, having been poisoned by eating canned corn beef.

An old man went insane with remorse, in Indiana, because he killed a neighbor while shooting at a rabbit.

Edinburgh has objected to the adoption of a free library system. Of 41,853 votes 7,618 voted "yes," and 15 708 "no."

No convents, either for men or women, are to be found in Norway or Sweden. They are absolutely forbidden by law.

The Legislature of Florida has passed an act to prevent intermarriage of whites and blacks, and the Governor has signed it.

All the physicians of a New York town have agreed to respond to no calls from families who have unpaid bills more than three months old.

A clever toy, of this season's invention, in London is a musical top. It is spun in the ordinary way, and, while spinning, plays musical airs.

Oswego has had ninety eight days of continuous sleighing, and the end is not yet. On no day has the thermometer been lower than 3° below zero.

In the lungs are 174 000 000 holes or cells, and the lungs, if spread out, would cover a surface 30 times greater than the human body.

An eccentric old bachelor in West Chester feeds nearly all the dogs and cats in town, buying for them the best meat he can find in the market.

A bill is before the Indiana Legislature providing for the punishment of wife-beaters, by public flogging on the bare back with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Secretary Ramsey's brother killed himself because he felt that the secretary's defeat in the Minnesota senatorial contest was a "family disgrace."

In consequence of the short dresses, the newest shoes for evening wear have very low fronts, so as to show the embroidered and painted stockings.

A Canadian has applied to the Quebec Government for aid for support of his family, pleading that he has 29 children, six couples of whom are twins.

When Baron Rothschild's son married, his father presented each of his employes with a year's salary, which was very handsome in him, to say the least.

Some Hartford school-boys obtained a holiday by putting ice around the bulb of the thermometer in the school room, during the temporary absence of their teacher.

Two physicians of Rhode Island having each declared the other to be an ignoramus, have agreed upon a public competitive examination, in which three other doctors shall be umpires.

King Humbert has been fraternising with the students of the University of Rome, attending some of their driest lectures, and listening to the end. Of course, the students idolize him.

A girl put on mens' clothes in a Missouri town, and went out for an evening walk, in the course of which she rudely jostled a negro, who shot her twice. She emphatically declares that hereafter she will stick to the safety of skirts.

Some Springfield boys formed a secret society for the removal of metal knobs from front doors. All the ornamental brass knobs were missed from the Court House, and found in a junk shop. This led to the dissolution of the society.

The Prince of Wales gave a dinner to 25 guests recently at the Marlborough Club, London, to decide on the qualifications of a new chef de cuisine. Each guest was to give his unbiased opinion on the back of the menu card before him. The cook was unanimously voted not up to the mark.

Admiral Bythesea, a distinguished British naval officer, has retired from the service. He got his queer name from having been picked up at sea when an infant, floating on a bale of goods. His family could never be found, so the sailors stood sponsors to him, and he was brought up in the naval service.

An old man rapidly acquired $80 000 worth of property in Iowa. Feeling that he would soon die, he wrote letters to his relatives in the East, soliciting aid to carry him through a hard winter. The only response was from a niece, who sent him $50 out of her earnings as a school-teacher, and to her he left his entire estate.

WHILE WAITING FOR A COUGH to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure all stubborn Coughs, and relieve any anxiety as to dangerous consequences.

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"Wilt thou take this brown-stone front,
These carriages, this diamond,
To be the husband of thy choice,
Fast locked in bonds of Hymen?
And wilt thou leave thy home and friends
To be his loving wife,
And help to spend his large income,
So long as thou hast life?"

"I will!" the modest maid replies,
The lovelight beaming from her eyes.

"And wilt thou take this waterfall,
This ostentatious pride,
With all these unpaid milliners' bills,
To be thy chosen bride?
And wilt thou love and cherish her
Whilst thou hast life and health,
But die as soon as possible,
And leave her all thy wealth?"

"I will!" the fearless mate replies;
And eager waits the nuptial ties.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;
And what I've joined forever
The next best man may dismantle,
And the first divorce court sever."

—D. K. W.

The World of Humor.

A growing industry—Farming.

Permanent headquarters—The shoulders.

The lore class—Scholars. The hire class—Laborers.

"I'm down on you," as the feather said to the goose.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark

Three periods of life—Youth, mumps; middle age, bumps; old age, dumps.

A lobster never comes ashore without great risk of getting into hot water.

Much as a monkey surpasses a man in agility, he cannot run up bills as easily.

"I'll give you the slip," as the gardener said when he promised a friend a cutting.

It is better to give than to receive. This relates especially to advice and medicine.

There is one thing that every man puts off from day to day, and that is his necktie.

Few men are so awkward with tools that they cannot handle a cork-screw quite handily.

Maid of the mist—Drizzling rain. Maid of the mister—His sweetheart. Made of the mystery—Hash.

Undertakers say there is no profit in burying an ice dealer. He knocks off all the perquisites by furnishing his own ice.

The man who sighs "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find out how sadly mistaken he is.

We hear of a man who would not have the roll on the back of his neck dressed, because he had been told that high heels were unfashionable.

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary conflict. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

A bar tender of a fashionable saloon must know how to mix 67 different drinks, while a judge of a court needn't know how to make even a milk punch.

Commenting on the advice to singers to wear flannel, a contemporary urges that in many cases the best place for it would be over the mouth, and carefully doubled.

We have heard of people going to a druggist after nails but the latest oddity in the line is an old lady who went to a butcher shop and inquired if they had any liver pads for sale.

When you hear a man say that snow balling is a healthy amusement, and the boys ought to be allowed to enjoy it, don't think him a generous soul. Set that man down as a glazier.

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving, and he can walk through the street to the new house wearing a chair on his head. That's the only way most boys can sit on a chair.

A Jersey farmer has had painted and posted up in his poultry-house a large sign bearing the inscription: "Eggs fifty cents a dozen." He also keeps lights burning all night to prevent his hens from going to roost.

A man who had just learned poker, but who had not sufficiently mastered the intricacies of the game bet wildly on a "flush," and on showing up his hand, was told that "the spirit was evidently willing, but the flush was weak."

A lady traveling on the Rhine, recently drew the attention of a waiter to the fact that the egg he had given her contained a chicken. Nothing abashed, the waiter replied that he must charge for a chicken in her bill instead of an egg!

Over 2 000 people of this country own the pistol with which Burr killed Hamilton, and now the historians are at work to prove that Burr knocked Hamilton down and stove his head in with a brick. A man can't purchase any historics' relic now-a-days with any certainty of its retaining its value.

A singular fact—A gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, if he wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had to signal a street-car driver twice.

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike," said Mr. Smith, during a visit to a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explained. "What, both of them?" retorted Smith, greatly interested.

Said Uncle Thomas to his nephew, whom he wished to see wedded: "John, which do you love best—Alice, who is pretty and poor, or Jane, who is rich but ugly?" The nephew replied, with a sigh, "I love Alice, but I prefer Jane."

In England young gentlemen speak of their fathers as "the governor," "pater," "the overseer," etc. In this country they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

He was making a call, and they were talking of literature. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she remarked, "always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot, and they bothered him a good deal.

A canary had begun to twitter a little after moulting, but was unable to sing his entire tune. The little four-year-old, after listening to one of the bird's vain attempts to master his tune, said, very composedly, "Mamma, birdie only sang half a verse."

There is boy who was sent out collecting, and when he returned in the evening and handed in his bills, unpaid, he said: "The people around the town like me first rate. They were so anxious to see me often that every solitary man I went to told me to call again."

It was a St. Louis girl who remarked to troublesome lover, the other evening, as he was about to depart, "If it's just as well, you needn't trouble yourself to call any more." "O, it's no trouble," exclaimed the chap, very earnestly, "it's no trouble at all; I like to call."

A youth invested a dollar and a half in a New York firm to discover "How to appear well in society." The receipt which he received by return mail was short, simple, and easily understood: "Always keep your nose clean, and don't suck more than one finger at a time."

A man entered a furniture store and said, "Have you any old furniture?" "No, sir; but we can make you some," was the answer. This reminds one of the man in a restaurant who called for stale bread. "We have none, my lord," said the waiter. "Make some, then; I will wait."

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank goodness, von ish tead!" said the Dutchman.

"Yes," said a great traveler, "get the St. Bernard if you want a good dog. Thousands of times have I seen this noble animal in the bitter cold carrying its frozen master by the slack of his trousers over the highest mountains of Europe. The truth isn't half told about these superb creatures."

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the foot of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his axe at the foot of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing. Truly, there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

"Ah! this is suggestive," he remarked and a pleasant smile of anticipation lighted up his face, and was reflected in a resplendent glow from the most prominent feature as he picked up a flat bottle in the closet. "Merely suggestive," he added sadly, as he dropped the empty bottle, after smelling the cork.

There is one boy who believes that good boys die young. His Sunday-school teacher is a little severe on him, and yesterday Tommy asked him, confidentially: "Were you very good when you were a boy?" "Yes, I was a good, obedient boy." "Then I don't see how God came to let you live so long," said Tommy, regretfully.

It now appears from recent observations says an exchange, that the pathological condition of tetanus consists in a hypersemia of the meninges surrounding the notocord not discoverable in the necropsy. We have frequently warned girls against this dreadful thing, but all to no purpose. They still persist in wearing them colored.

A dog has been in training in the sleeping rooms of some of the fire engine houses in New York by which the bed clothes are automatically pulled off of the beds and lifted up towards the ceiling on a night alarm of fire. This should be utilized in families where there are growing boys. It is indubitably a long-felt want. There's millions in it.

No one can be sick if the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are well. Hop Bitters keeps them well.

When a boy gets whipped by the schoolteacher, the chances are that, if he tells of it, the old gentleman will give him another thrashing, and then go and thrash the schoolteacher. The boy can decide whether he prefers to avoid the second whaling, or take it for the sake of getting the teacher lammed. It occasionally takes a great deal of thinking on the boy's part to make up his mind what course to pursue.

Student (to the professor:) "Can anything go, and not go anywhere?" Professor: "I should think not." Student: "Then I should be obliged if you would tell me where the light goes when it goes out?"

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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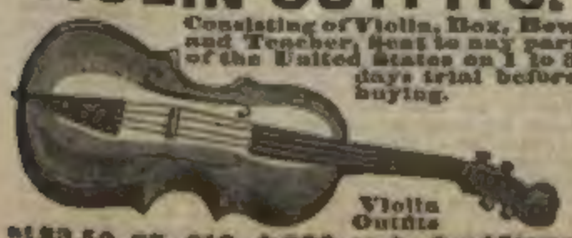

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Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with *real diamonds of great value* at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interspersed with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*——"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*——"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*——"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*——"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*——"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*——"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them immediately to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported expressly for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Stud and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. *So SEEM FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT YOUR CAREFUL INSPECTION.*

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please *every* body in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make *every* recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to obtain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our **Superb Diamond Premium** offers more inducements than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.

TERMS:—**The Post,** one year, and *your choice* of the **Premiums.** As a sample, to any address in the United States on receipt of $2 and nineteen 3-cent stamps prior to April 30, 1881. A club of two subscribers to **The Post,** one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the **Ring, Stud,** or **Earrings, Free.** A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to *any two* of the three premiums, **free.** A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, **free;** or, for $8, we will extend your subscription **two years,** and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription **four years,** and forward *any two* of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription **four years,** and send all three premiums, **free.** All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will remit your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or responsible business house in Philadelphia. ☞ All premiums will be withdrawn May 1st, 1881.—Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 725 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Before Answering an Advertisement in this Paper or any Other, Send for

100 U. S. POSTALS FREE!

SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS POSTAGE PREPAID FREE, WITH YOUR NAME AND BUSINESS ELEGANTLY PRINTED THEREON. SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE IMMENSE ENTERPRISING POPULAR AND FEARLESS AGENTS HERALD. SAMPLE PRINTED POSTAL CARD, FULL PARTICULARS, CIRCULARS, AGENTS TERMS AND LARGE ILLUSTRATED COLORED PRICE LIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL INVENTION.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

AGENTS HERALD, Drawer 528—717 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

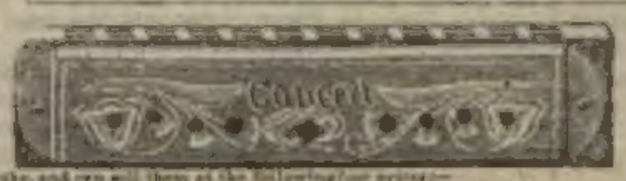
GENTS:—The elegantly-printed postal cards ordered of you the 1st inst. came to hand to-day. THANKS for your liberality. I am delighted with them. Your plan will save the Agents of this country thousands of dollars. Please print and send free of charge 100 to my agent friend, whose address I enclose. Yours, etc., S. H. MADISON.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

Piano or Organ playing learned in ONE DAY!

MASON'S CHART. A child 10 years old can understand it perfectly.

This most wonderful invention has been before the public (in its perfected form) but a short time and the sales have been immense, which is the surest test of its unparalleled merit; and orders are received from every country on the globe. It is a new theory, and a decided departure from the old method. **Mason's Chart** fits over the keys of a Piano or Organ, indicating exactly where and how the hands are to be placed, and the proper keys to strike, changing its position and arrangement to suit the key in which the piece is written that you wish to play. *They are perfectly infallible in their results.* If you can read you can play the Piano or Organ in **one day** better than some teachers could teach you in three months. If you have no Piano you can leave at some friend's house, and astonish all with your knowledge. DEXTER SMITH, the editor of the leading Musical Paper in the world, says: *"They should find a place in every home, whether there is a Piano or Organ or not. They are to Music what the Multiplication Table is to Arithmetic."* It gives decided satisfaction in every case. It cannot do otherwise, saving as it does, a hundredfold time its cost, and in its **great simplicity** lies its **unequalled success.** MUSIC TEACHERS THEMSELVES PRONOUNCE IT EXCELLENT. The price is **one dollar** *for a complete set* (3 charts) and includes payment of postage by us. **$7 per doz. to Agents,** *or the trade by express.* **Special offer,** to every purchaser of MASON'S CHARTS who will state in what paper they saw the advertisement, and will agree to show the charts to their friends we will give as a FREE PRESENT our **Music Album** with 10 pieces of choice music, instrumental and vocal. Those wishing the Album send by mail prepaid with *entire* 10 cents extra, otherwise send by express. No one will regret learning to play the Piano or Organ, it is the greatest of all accomplishments. Address **C. H. Spaulding & Co., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.,** Agents.



CONCERT HARMONICAS:

OR MOUTH ORGANS.

These little instruments are now very popular, and the music produced is very sweet. Having obtained from GERMANY a large invoice of these goods, of the best make, and can sell them at the following low prices:—

10 Double Holes, 4 sides, nine plates, brass polished sides, in box	$1.00
6 Double Holes, same finish as above	.60
10 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo	1.50
6 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo	1.00
80 Double Notes, extra fine, concert harmonica, tuned reed harmonic, 2 sides, brass plate, Engraved German Silver Sides, each in box	2.50
40 Double Notes, same as above	1.25

We will send either one of these *Robert Harmonicas,* by mail, post-paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents extra, in postage stamps, for postage. **VIOLIN OUTFITS,** including Box, Bow, Resin, **$1.75, $3.00, $6.50.** Our New Illustrated Catalogue, sent on receipt of stamp. **MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston.**

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50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Rose, &c., all new style, name on 10c. Agt's samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

20 Gold and silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10 cents. C. L. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

53 Gilt Edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace &c. Cards. Name on 10c. Franklin Pr't'g Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Agt's outfit 10c. Card Preserv, Birmingham, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

OUR costumers are still so busy with balls and evening toilettes that they do not as yet pay great attention to the new spring costumes, which are, however, a matter of great interest with our fair readers.

In materials it is probable we shall see a good deal of repetition of those of the winter in lighter textures. The taste for brocaded and otherwise figured materials has become so general that it is likely to last for some seasons.

On the other hand, combinations of materials are as popular as ever, so we must be prepared to see spring costumes composed partly of plain, and partly of fancy figured woolen goods; or for more dressy toilettes, a combination of silk and woolen fabrics.

A new fashion, which is particularly tasteful for altering and ornamenting your girls' toilettes, is the chemisette of cream white, or pale blue, or rose-colored surah. The dress is selected of some light woolen fabric, or else of wool, brocaded with silk of some light shade of neutral color. This dress is made with a bodice cut very low and square, and one of the above-mentioned chemisettes is worn inside. If one possesses two chemisettes of different colors, each may be worn in turn, thus varying this pretty, inexpensive toilette.

In a great many cases, black figured silks, and black woolen tissues figured with silk, will now take the place of the heavy brocades of the winter. These lighter fabrics will be employed in combination with surah, gros grains, and glace silks; and also with a light style of satin, which has been manufactured especially for summer toilettes.

Surah is quite as likely to be as popular during the spring and summer as it was during the winter. At present it is the material for nearly dresses.

Plush has been so extraordinarily popular through the winter, that its vogue is not likely to survive the present season. Brocaded velvets and satins are still fashionable in combination with plain tissues. When two fabrics are employed for one dress, they are generally chosen both of the same color, unless for very dressy evening toilettes; the difference of texture produces sufficient variety.

Black cashmere dresses are often trimmed with black wool and silk brocade in small floral or armure patterns; and when such brocade can be matched to the plain woolen fabric, it also looks well in colors; unfortunately, it cannot be obtained in a variety of shades.

The pretty brocaded jackets which are now fashionable to wear over any skirt, will prove very useful for finishing a dress which the wear and tear of the winter season has somewhat damaged. The trimmings of the skirt being freshened up, and the train, if there is any, curtailed, the bodice can be replaced by the casaquin, and a very neat and elegant toilette obtained.

Jet is as much worn as ever—especially on black dresses. If the dress is made with a front apron, the apron is of jet, and if the front is puffed into side panels, then the side panels are of jet; if the skirt is flounced, kilt-plaited, or frilled, then the flounces, kilt-plaits, or frills, are headed by bands of jet; if the dress is of Princess shape, which most home dresses are, then the whole of the front is of jet. Add to this the collar, cuffs, and side bag-pocket, which are also completely of jet; as also is the fichu or cape, which you wear over your shoulders; and the hat or bonnet, which is covered with jet fringe or jet feathers, drooping over the brim or forehead.

Red dresses are trimmed with an abundance of jet, and here also the sleeves are made entirely of jet. The front of these dresses is likewise entirely covered with it; the red is thus considerably subdued.

A very pretty way to employ jet is to cover all the skirt, excepting the train, with rows of jet fringe and passementerie beadings, with a couple of jet bells on each side of the fringes which make a little noise at each movement of the wearer. The body and train are then edged round with jet, and the sleeves are entirely of jet.

Steel-beading, which is even more effective than either jet or gold, is among the new trimmings on the strings. Steel and silver laces, made of the beads wrought in black net, promise to be more used than jetted laces on black bonnets. They are, however, more largely imported than any other laces, and come in nets for covering crowns as well as in trimming widths.

And what I say of jet I may say of gold braid, which is adopted by the younger ladies on pretty cloth costumes, which are worn both in the street and at home. This gold braid is put on in series of three rows of the narrowest braid that can be procured. These rows edge the long bodice, the tunic or scarf, and the bottom of the plaitings of the skirt, whilst the collar and cuffs are almost covered with gold braid.

Dark-blue and green cloth dresses are remarkably pretty trimmed with this narrow gold braid, which, being put on plain, may easily be taken off, if the fashion changes, before the dress is worn out. The buttons of the dress are also of gold, as also are the buttons of the out-door jacket, which is edged with braiding to match the dress. The hat will have a row of gold braid at the edge of the brim, with a gold-winged insect amid the side bows or feathers. Silver braid is used precisely in the same way, and is preferred to gold on light tints.

The Poke bonnet has so diminished in size that it is scarcely recognizable. It looks very pretty in puffed silk to match the dress. At the back is a bow of the same silk, from which spring long and wide scarf strings, and the remainder of the crown is trimmed with six feather tips, bending all towards the edge of the brim; the front and sides of the crown and brim are thus covered with these tips.

The Pokes shown in the spring millinery are of medium size, the front projects very slightly, the ears are short, and the crown is quite close, with either a revers turned up on it, or else a very close curtain band. The novelty in such bonnets is the inside trimming of days gone by.

Other shapes indicate the continued popularity of small bonnets, and very large, flaring round hats. The small bonnets shown are very similar in shape to those with broad, flat crowns worn during the winter, and are intended for dress hats. They are laden with trimmings that take on the Alsatian bow shape.

The round hats are made in large picturesque shapes, with soft brims not wired, and lined with a pleated lace frill, or else fully puffed satin; or, in contrast to this there is a stiff brim rolled to flare all around, lined with velvet, edged with beaded laces and great faceted beads, and half hidden by the small plumes that fall down over it from the crown.

A new shape of these hats has a Marie Stuart point in front, and a rolling brim at the sides.

As with dress materials, shaded effects will be a conspicuous feature of bonnet trimmings in silk ribbon and plushes.

Flowers will be very much used on summer bonnets. Large flowers will be chosen in wreaths of a single color, but of several shades, as a wreath of roses without foliage will range from the palest pink to the darkest damask red, or from the cream of tea-roses to deepest yellow.

Large hats, in the Charles IX. style, are gaining ground; they are made of gray felt, and bordered with braid precisely like a man's hat, and have no other trimming than a handsome feather curling round the left side.

Spanish mantillas are in considerable favor, and many capotes have quite the appearance of the national Spanish coiffure. These chapeaux are composed of Spanish lace skilfully draped, with a long spray of flowers falling from the midst of the folds on the left shoulder, the shape being marked jet beads. For black round hats there are steel trimmings, and voluminous scarfs of Spanish lace put on to cover nearly all the top of the crown, as well as to surround it.

White Mechlin and Languedoc laces edging net or mull, form scarfs, and will also be as popular as last summer for trimming the light, dainty little capotes for dressy occasions.

To return to the subject of dress. I may mention for my young lady readers that very pretty young-looking polonaises are made of pale-blue, pink, and dove-colored cashmere. They have revers, collars, cuffs, and pockets of satin of the same color. They are stylish over plain velvet skirts.

Other polonaises are made of surah, and have full fronts, with a sash round the waist. These are worn over velvet skirts, and also over satin skirts, trimmed with lace or otherwise. Waist sashes are much worn; when narrow, they are tied in front; when wide, they are tied at the side.

Princess polonaises, however, are as much worn as full polonaises. Some are merely buttoned down their entire length; others have a plastron reaching from neck to foot, and buttoned on each side. The same polonaise, which is buttoned down the front, may also have a separate plastron to button upon it. Indeed, several plastrons may be made to fit one polonaise, with separate collar and cuffs to match—thus varying the dress ad infinitum. One plastron also may be quite plain, whilst another may be fully gathered or plaited. Then a little belt is worn round the waist, or at least over the plastron at the band of the waist. A jetted plastron on a black polonaise is very elegant, also a white and gold plastron, or a pearl plastron over a white cashmere polonaise; and so on, according to taste and means.

Gathered skirts are as much worn as ever, only they are gathered across the skirt instead of lengthways. The whole front of the skirt is thus gathered; the back is then composed of three widths, which are left untrimmed, or are merely edged with a plaiting or box plait. There is always a plaiting at the bottom—even in front, when all the rest is gathered.

Silver jewelry alone is worn in the street. Old patterns are preferred; and more than all, Indian patterns are in vogue, and even real Indian jewelry, when it can be procured, in gold, as well as in silver, and for evening as well as for day wear.

Fireside Chat.

SAUCES.

ALTHOUGH a good sauce is often the making of a dish, I would warn all inexperienced hands that great care is needed in the use of them, as it is a pity to disguise a delicately-flavored thing in an unnecessarily strong-flavored sauce. A little experience, and some taste, will soon guide correctly in the choice.

Tomato Sauce.—This can be made quite as well from the canned tomatoes as the fresh ones, and the former have the advantage of being procurable at all times. An earthen saucepan or pipkin is the best pan to use. Put in this your sliced fresh tomatoes, or half a can of the tinned ones, some chopped carrot, onion, salt pork, a bouquet of sweet herbs, one or two cloves; season well and add a little rich gravy. Let it simmer slowly for one hour, and press through a hair sieve with a wooden spoon.

This is very nice to serve with veal cutlets, French chops, or a fillet of beef.

Bechamel.—This is a rich white sauce, and is some trouble to make, but is very good. Have some stock made from veal and fowl that is quite a jelly when cold; put this on the fire with some sliced onion, carrot, a faggot of sweet herbs, salt, pepper, and a little sugar; simmer for half an hour, strain through a cloth to remove all fat. Mix some butter, and about the same quantity of flour together on the fire; when quite smooth add the stock, and let simmer for an hour. When required, add an equal quantity of cream, and the sauce is ready.

This sauce is delicious with boiled fowl, fillets of sole, or maccaroni.

Oil Sauce.—This is mostly used for salads. Bruise in a dish two small green onions, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a small egg-spoonful of mixed herbs, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and enough oil to thicken it. The whites of the eggs to be chopped and put on the salad as a garnish.

Cruet Sauce.—A little salt and pepper, and twice as much oil as vinegar.

This is very simple, and is used either for salads, for greens of any kind, or asparagus simply boiled.

Dutch Sauce.—Mix equal quantities of flour and butter over the fire until quite smooth, and then add a little boiling water; remove the sauce from the fire, add the yolks of three eggs, stirring slowly all the time; then add one small teaspoonful of dry mustard.

This is very nice for warming up with any cold fish left from the day before.

Hollandaise Sauce.—This is mostly used with vegetables—such as cauliflower, asparagus, or artichokes, but is really good with fish. Mix equal quantities of butter and flour together over the fire until quite smooth, add a little boiling water, and after taking off the fire add the yolks of two eggs slowly, and nutmeg and lemon-juice according to taste. It should be about the thickness of cream, and quite smooth.

Spanish Sauce.—This sauce, made according to most of the French method, is rather an elaborate affair, but there is a simpler way that answers for all ordinary use. Fry in a pan some fatty ham or bacon, with some carrots or onions chopped, until quite brown; dredge in some dry flour, and when very brown add a quart of good rich stock—beef is the best—a little salt and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Be careful of the salt, as the quantity of sauce decreases as it boils, but the salt does not. Simmer slowly for an hour and a half and skim off the scum as it rises. Strain the sauce, add a little madeira or claret to it, and set it away in a cool dry place.

This will keep for over a week.

Piquante Sauce.—Put on the fire in a saucepan half a cup of vinegar, a faggot of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a little thyme, some finely chopped capers, and two small green onions. Boil quickly for fifteen or twenty minutes, add a gill of Spanish sauce, or good rich stock. Let it boil for a few minutes, take out faggot of sweet herbs, and it is ready to serve. A pickled gherkin chopped fine will do instead of the capers.

English Sauce.—Mix until quite smooth, equal proportions of flour and butter, with boiling milk or water; add a very little salt, white pepper, and a mere suggestion of nutmeg. Let it boil for two or three minutes, and pass it through the strainer. Keep it hot until wanted, and just before removing from the fire, add a little cream and stir in with the whisk a good piece of fresh butter; it must not boil after this butter is added, but be served at once. For vegetables, such as cauliflower or asparagus, add lemon juice or white wine vinegar.

Genevese Sauce.—This is particularly good good with fish, such as mackerel and brook trout. Put in a saucepan two chopped onions, two cloves, a faggot of sweet herbs, and a tumbler of claret. Let these simmer until the onions are tender, then add a little good brown gravy, or rich stock. Let it simmer for an hour, and strain through a hair sieve. Boil it up again, add a pinch of sugar and a good lump of anchovy butter, if not dark enough, add a little of the pastilles des legumes.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—One always feels that this is rather an expensive sauce, on account of the oil required to make it really well. The art of making this dressing consists just in having the secret of making it 'go.' The ingredients are one yolk of a raw egg, salt, pepper, and a little raw mustard. Mix these together with a silver fork in a large plate, add the oil slowly, little by little—it will take almost any quantity, but you must be guided by taste and the quantity required—mix by stirring one way until quite thick and smooth, and then add vinegar enough to thin a little. If there is any difficulty found in getting the oil to mix smoothly, add just a few drops of vinegar from time to time and keep stirring, and it will finally come right.

Tartare Sauce.—Prepare a mayonnaise as the above, with the addition of a little cayenne and chopped parsley. This is particularly good with smelts, and salmon steaks.

Ravigote Sauce.—A teaspoonful of chopped chives, tarragon, burnet, and chervil, put into the saucepan with a little rich stock, pepper and salt; stir until quite boiling hot, add a little tarragon vinegar, and double the quantity of oil, mix thoroughly well, and put into a cool place until required.

Horse Radish Sauce.—Grate a root fine, and some rich milk or cream, a little sugar, salt, and some vinegar, mix all well and put on the fire with a little veal stock; simmer for a few minutes, and it is then ready.

Cream Sauce.—Mix well together a cup of butter and two tablespoonsful of sifted flour, when well mixed, add a gill of cream. Then pour into this mixture sufficient boiling water to make it only of the thickness of good cream, and finish with a little lemon juice. When used for artichokes, the smallest possible addition of nutmeg is very nice, but the flavor must be only just perceptible.

Sauce for Venison Steak.—Put one cup of stock, a small teaspoonful of salt, half a one of pepper, and a very little cayenne, two or three cloves, and a few allspice in a saucepan; let all boil up, then stir in a piece of butter half the size of an egg, in which a teaspoonful of flour has been well mixed, one teaspoonful of current jelly, one wineglassful of claret. Heat it once more, pour it over the steak through a strainer so as to remove the whole spice.

The man who stole a mask to represent a grizzly bear at a masquerade-ball, has been arrested for bear face robbery.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. M. (Wyandotte City, Kan.)—It will be received in a few days.

MRS. LUCIAN T. (Slater, Mo.)—No. At present we are in want of nothing of the kind.

ADVERTISER. (Summerville, Pa.)—In that respect, it is now third or fourth on the list of the leading papers of the country.

XIX. (Brandon, Ver.)—We really cannot account for it. Perhaps your messages did not reach their destination. Write again.

W. W. (La Crosse, Wis.)—There is a good dictionary of the English language to be had at the price, but we know nothing positive about the one mentioned.

LENOX, (Peru, Ill.)—The coin is probably an Irish penny, and, if in good condition, is worth a cent. Such pieces are extremely common, and have no special value.

B. W. (Raleigh, N. C.)—The article is more likely to be found in stores supplying optical or mathematical instruments. Make inquiries of Queen & Co., optical instrument makers, Philadelphia, Pa.

INQUIRER. (Quincy, Ky.)—The ingredients of the gum on printers' rollers are glycerine and molasses, mixed in certain proportions, boiled to a jelly, and cast in brass or iron moulds of the required size.

KENNETH, (Chester, Pa.)—The newest, if not the best, remedy for common cold in the head that we have heard of, is to snuff up through the nostrils fresh milk just blood heat. It is said to be a certain relief in twenty-four hours.

A. L. D. (Lancaster, Pa.)—Bric-a-brac means a collection of antiquarian or artistic curiosities; "chic" means assurance or audacity; "rococo" is a word which is used to denote what is extravagant or fantastic in decorative art.

M. M. B. (Boston, Mass.)—Cod-liver oil is now given generally in all cases of consumption. Where the disease is not far advanced it will frequently arrest its progress. But it should not be taken unless under the direction of a medical man.

D. H. (Aspinwall, Pa.)—1. The oath is administered to the President by the Chief Justice of the United States. 2. The President is actually elected in November, his election is certified by the count of the electoral vote, and he is inducted into office in March.

GRACIE, (Brandon, Ver.)—Your first four questions can only be answered by a New York lawyer, as the matter is very much complicated, and the laws differ in nearly every State of the Union. 2. You will probably find the poem among Scott's miscellaneous poetry. We are not sure, however.

HEN (New York, N. Y.)—You can work alabaster with the same tools as marble, but it is more difficult to polish from its softness. After the desired form has been imparted to it, it is smoothed down with pumice stone, and polished with a mixture of chalk, soap and milk—the finish being given with friction by flannel.

SUBSCRIBER. (Handcock, Md.)—1. We know of no young lady who is anxious to engage in such a correspondence. 2. Consult the advertising columns of the daily papers of Baltimore. 3. "To-morrow will be Monday" is correct. 4. "Amo Te," I love thee, from the Latin "Fides, Amicitia et Amor," or faith, friendship, love, from the same.

HAROLD, (Catsville O.)—Wash the dog and cats with water in which strong tobacco has been steeped for some time, or rub strong snuff into the hair and fur. Frequently coarse lye soap has also the desired effect. All the remedies may fail, however, and the only plan is to use a comb persistently. Drug stores sometimes sell a soap specially prepared for this purpose.

PRECISION, (Trenton, N. J.)—You ask, "How do philosophers find out that a captive horse-fly moves its wings 335 times a second?" We do not attempt to explain how philosophers reach many conclusions announced by them. This, however, is probably an estimate founded on observation for a very brief space. Absolute precision could hardly be intended or expected.

RUSTICUS, (Lancaster, S. C.)—The 19th century began January 1st, 1801. You will see how this happens by recalling that as every 100 years constitute a century, the completion of the 1800th year ended the 18th century. 2. In the recent expedition of the English ship Challenger, we believe the Ocean was sounded to a depth of between five and six miles. This is the greatest depth yet discovered.

M. E. C. (Old Spring Hill, Ala.)—1. Beatrice Di Cenci was a beautiful Roman lady of the 11th century. Her father subjected her to the greatest brutality, and her friends killed him. It is uncertain whether she had anything to do with it. She was, however, tried for the murder along with a number of her relations, found guilty, condemned to death, and executed. 2. Any stationery store should furnish you with green ink.

SWEET SEVENTEEN. (West Virginia.)—1. Dentists say everything of the kind is more or less injurious. The one mentioned is perhaps as little harmful as any. They operate in the way your friends say. 2. An English lady who does not wish to make her name public. 3. It is permitted to the lady to ask the gentleman to call upon you, or he may himself ask the favor. There is no prior obligation to invite or be invited on either side.

L. W. C. (Frankfort, Mich.)—We do not know of any house which purchases old books of the kind. Besides, we hardly think yours has any particular value, as Bibles of that date are comparatively common. You do not mention the language, but if English is probably a reprint of the Geneva edition of 1560, or the Bishops' (Parker's) Bible of 1568. By writing to the Bible Publication Society, Seventh and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., giving particulars, you might perhaps ascertain its value.

A. S. (Pottsville, Pa.)—In scientific language the word "transpire" means to escape through the pores of the skin, but in popular language it has come to mean to leak out, to become known, and so is not an equivalent for perspire, which has lost its original and similar sense, and now means to sweat. The word "transpire" is now often, but improperly, used as synonymous with "occur." "It transpires that the cashier has been gambling with his employers' money." Then it may be presumed he "perspires" freely.

JESSIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You say that you are eighteen years of age, and have been engaged to a gentleman whom you love very much. But you also state that someone has told you he is engaged to another young lady; that you have accused him of it, "but he denies it." If he denies it, and there is no evidence against him, you are bound to take his word. The amount of misstatement on the subject of engagements and the like is so great that this may well enough be a libel on him. If he is prepared to carry out his engagement with you, the presumption is that he is misrepresented. This is a case in which you should seek the counsel of a mother, aunt, older sister, or other trusted friend to whom the parties and the circumstances are known, or can be unreservedly stated.

TIMES. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Yelverton case refers to a recent famous trial in Ireland. The lady who claimed to be Major Yelverton's wife, proved that she was married to him according to the forms prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. She tried also to establish that Major Yelverton had become a convert to the Church of Rome, but failing in the latter, the ceremony of the marriage by a Roman Catholic priest was held by the courts to be void. The law in this particular has never been changed. You will see, then, that in Great Britain if one of the parties to a marriage is Protestant and the other Catholic, two ceremonies must be had; one to satisfy the conscience of the Catholic, the other to render the contract binding in the eyes of the law.

PUZZLE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Here you have them altogether: Pan, the god of hunters, shepherds, and country sports; Bacchus, the god of wine; Venus, goddess of love, beauty, grace and mirth; Vulcan, the god of fire; Jupiter, supreme god of the Romans, father of all men and all gods. Jupiter's wife was Juno, the daughter of Saturn. Lucina, the goddess of child-birth; Mars, the god of war; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Morpheus, the god of sleep and dreams; Molus, god of the winds; Asterus, the god who avenges slighted love; Apollo, god of medicine divination, and poetry—he was also a deity of the Greeks and Romans, and presided over the muses; Ceres, goddess of grain and harvests; Copia, the goddess of plenty; Cupid, the god of love. Plutus, the god of wealth. Terpsichore, goddess of dancing; Flora, the goddess of flowers and gardens; Hebe, goddess of youth; Hygeia, goddess of health.